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NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

By Ida M. Tarbell.

AN INTRODUCTORY LETTER BY THE HON. GARDINER G. HUBBARD.

S. S. McClure, Esq. Washington, *October*, 1894.

Dear Sir:—It is about fourteen years since I became interested in engravings, and I have since that time made a considerable collection, including many portraits, generally painted and engraved during the life of the personage. I have from two hundred to three hundred prints relating to Napoleon, his family, and his generals. The earliest of these is a portrait of Napoleon painted in 1792, when he was twenty-two years old; the next in date was engraved in 1796. There are many in each subsequent year, and four prints of drawings made immediately after his death.

There are few men whose characters at different periods of life are so distinctly marked as Napoleon's, as will appear by an examination of these prints. There are four of these periods: First Period, 1796–97, Napoleon the General; Second Period, 1801–04, Napoleon the Statesman and Lawgiver; Third Period, 1804–14, Napoleon the Emperor; Fourth Period, the Decline and Fall of Napoleon, including Waterloo and St. Helena. Most of these prints are contemporaneous with the periods described. The portraits include copies of the portraits painted by the greatest painters and engraved by the best engravers of that age. There are four engravings of the paintings by Meissonier—"1807," "Napoleon," "Napoleon Reconnoitring," and "1814."

First Period, 1796–97, Napoleon the General.—In these the Italian spelling of the name, "Buonaparte," is generally adopted. At this period there were many French and other artists in Italy, and it would seem as if all were desirous of painting the young general. A French writer in a late number of the "Gazette des Beaux-Arts" is uncertain whether Gros, Appiani, or Cosia was the first to obtain a sitting from General Bonaparte. It does not matter to your readers, as portraits by each of these artists are included in this collection.

There must have been other portraits or busts of Bonaparte executed before 1796, besides the one by Greuze given in this collection. These may be found, but there are no others in my collection. Of the portraits of Napoleon belonging to this period eight were engraved before 1798, one in 1800. All have the long hair falling below the ears and over the forehead and shoulders; while all portraits subsequent to Napoleon's expedition to Egypt have short hair. The length of the hair affords an indication of the date of the portrait.

Second Period, 1801–1804, Napoleon the Statesman and Lawgiver.—During this period many English artists visited Paris, and painted or engraved portraits of Napoleon. In these the Italian spelling "Buonaparte" is adopted, while in the French engravings of this period he is called "Bonaparte" or "General Bonaparte." Especially noteworthy among them is "The Review at the Tuileries," regarded by Masson as the best likeness of Napoleon "when thirty years old and in his best estate." The portrait painted by Gerard in 1803, and engraved by Richomme, is by others considered

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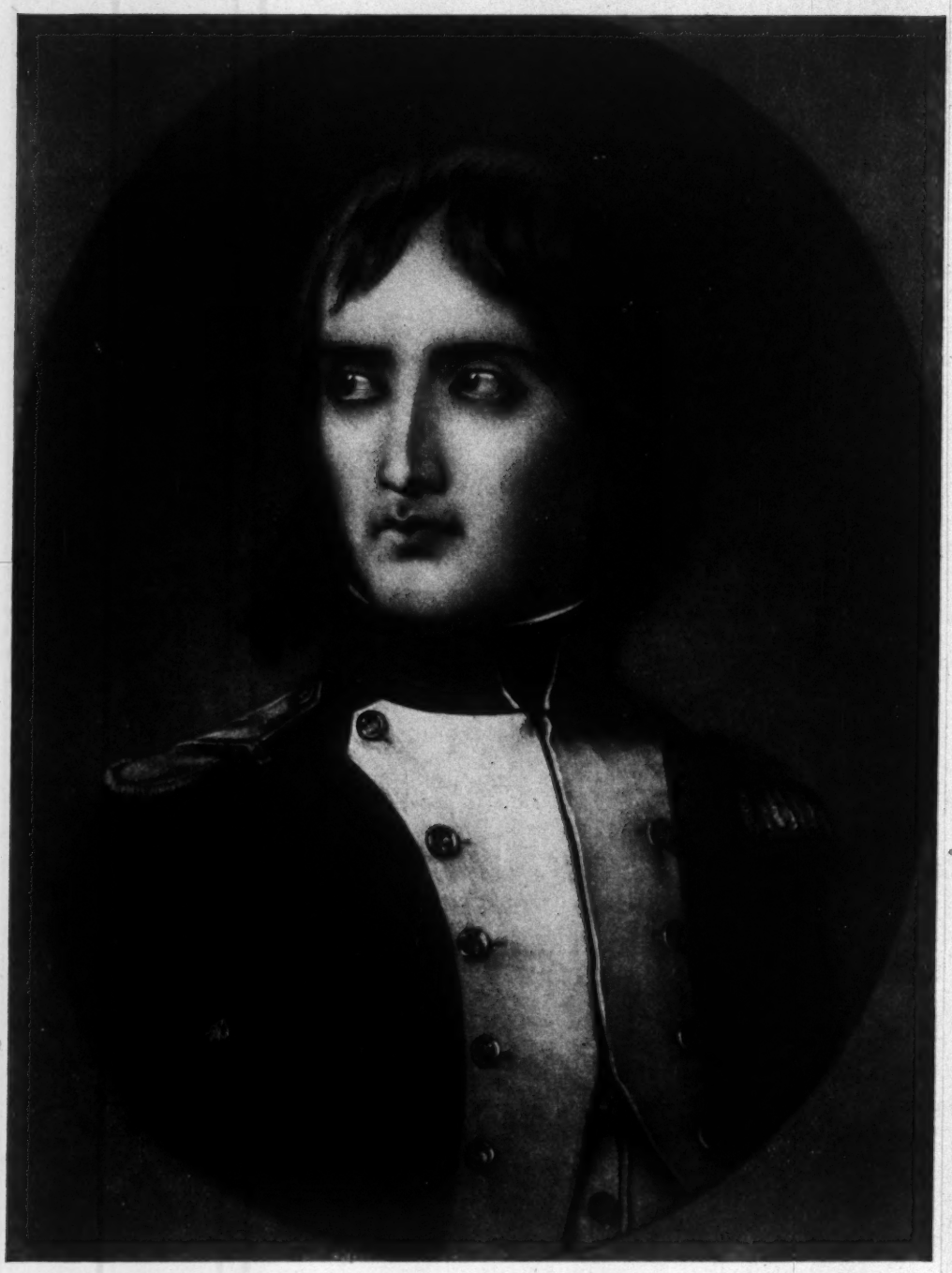


NAPOLEON.

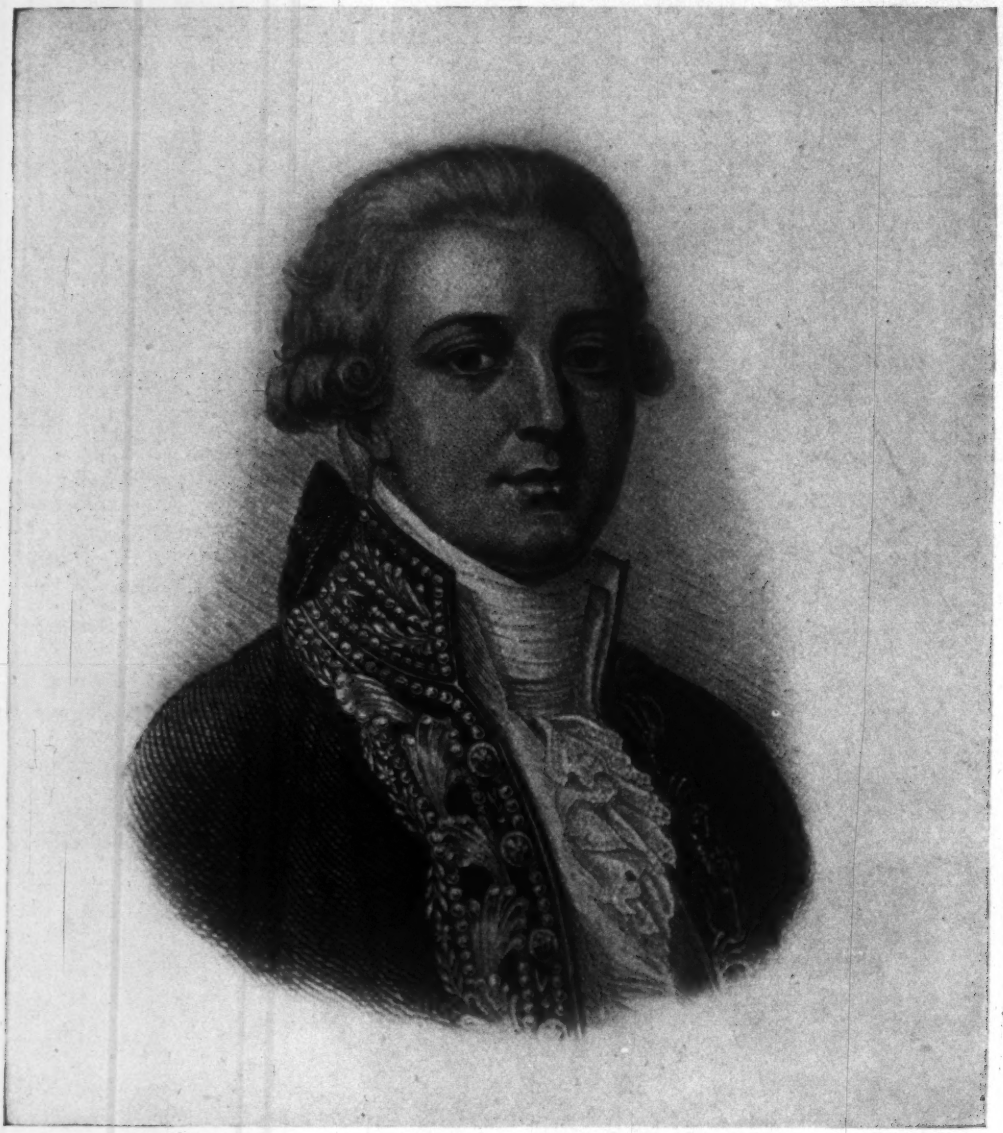
Edwards, S. A.; engraved after Greuze, same portrait as frontispiece.

the best of this period. There is already a marked change from the long and thin face in earlier portraits to the round and full face of this period. In some of these prints the Code Napoleon is introduced as an accessory.

Third Period, 1804–1812, Napoleon the Emperor.—He is now styled "Napoleon," "Napoleon le Grand" or "L'Empereur." His chief painters in this period are Le Fevre, Gerard, Isabey, Lupton, and David (with Raphael-Morghen, Longhi, Desnoyers, engravers)—artists of greater merit than those of the earlier periods. The

"BUONAPARTE."

Fiesinger engraver, after Guérin. Published "29 Vendémiaire l'an. VII." (1799.) It is of this portrait that Taine writes: "Look now at this portrait by Guérin, this lean body, these narrow shoulders in their uniform creased by his brusque motions, this neck enveloped in a high wrinkled cravat, these temples concealed by long hair falling straight over them, nothing to be seen but the face; these hard features made prominent by strong contrasts of light and shade; these cheeks as hollow as the interior angle of the eye; these prominent cheek-bones; this massive protruding chin; these curving, mobile, attentive lips; these great, clear eyes deeply set under the overarching eyebrows; this fixed, incomprehensible look, sharp as a sword; these two straight wrinkles which cross the forehead from the base of the nose like a furrow of continual anger and inflexible will."



CHARLES BUONAPARTE, FATHER OF NAPOLEON. BORN 1746; DIED 1785.

full-length portrait by David has been copied oftener and is better known than any other.

It has been said that we cannot in the portraits of this period, executed by Gerard, Isabey, and David, find a true likeness of Napoleon. His ministers thought "it was necessary that the sovereign should have a serene expression, with a beauty almost more than human, like the deified Cæsars or the gods of whom they were the image." "Advise the painters," Napoleon wrote to Duroc, September 15, 1807, "to make the figure more gracious (*plutôt gracieuses*)." Again, "Advise the painters to seek less a perfect resemblance than to give the beau ideal in preserving certain features and in making the likeness more agreeable (*plutôt agréable*)."

Fourth Period, 1812–1814, immediately before and after Waterloo.—We have probably in the front and side face made by Girodet, and published in England, a true likeness of Napoleon. It was drawn by Girodet in the Chapel of the Tuileries, March 8, 1812, while Napoleon was attending mass. It is believed to be a more truthful likeness than that by David, made the same year; the change in his appearance to greater fulness than in the portraits of 1801–1804 is here more plainly marked. He has now

NAPOLEON'S MOTHER, LETITIA RAMOLINO. BORN 1750; DIED 1836.

"Drawn by Charlotte Napoleon, Rome, 1835." Lithograph.

become corpulent, and his face is round and full. Two portraits taken in 1814 show it even more clearly. One of these was taken immediately before the battle of Waterloo, and the other, by J. Eastlake, immediately after. Mr. Eastlake, then an art student, was staying at Plymouth when the "Bellerophon" put in, just before sailing for St. Helena. He watched Napoleon for several days, taking sketches from which he afterwards made a full-length portrait.

The collection concludes with three notable prints: the first of the mask made by Dr. Anton Manchi the day of his death and engraved by Calamutti in 1834; another of a drawing "made immediately after death by Captain Ibbetson, R. N.;" and the third of a drawing by Captain Crokat, made fourteen hours after the death of Napoleon, and published in London July 18, 1821. These show in a remarkable manner the head of this wonderful man.

The larger part of these prints was purchased through Messrs. Wunderlich & Co., and Messrs. Keppel of New York, some at auctions in Berlin, London, Amsterdam, and Stuttgart; very few in Paris.

GARDINER G. HUBBARD.

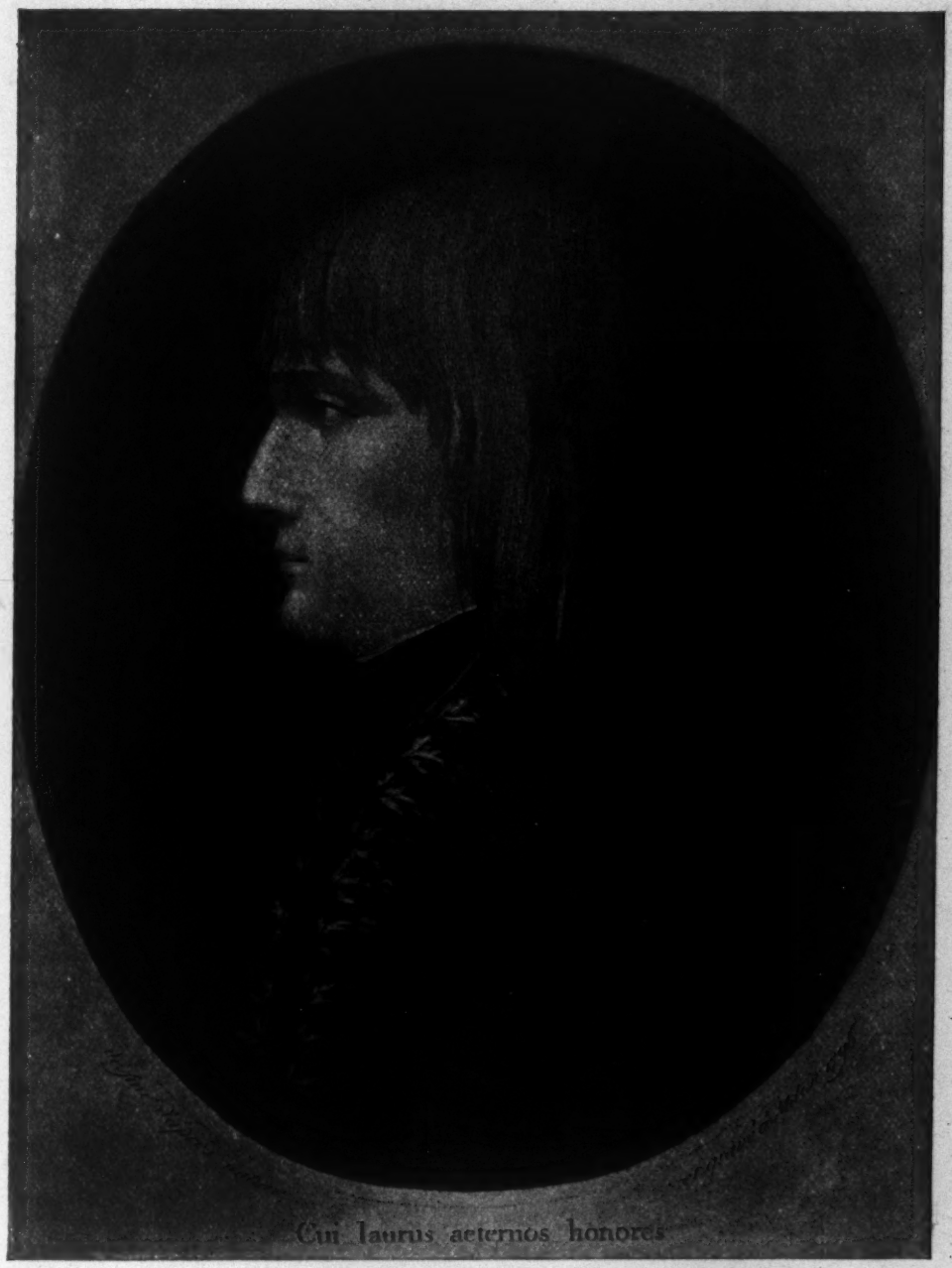
"ROSE JOSEPHINE BONAPARTE, NÉE DE LA PAGERIE."

Companion piece to portrait on page 477, and executed at same time and place—Milan, 1796.

FIRST PAPER.

EARLY SURROUNDINGS.

"IF I were not convinced that his family is as old and as good as my own," said the Emperor of Austria when he married Marie Louise to Napoleon Bonaparte, "I would not give him my daughter." The remark is sufficient recognition of the nobility of the father of Napoleon, Charles Marie de Bonaparte, a gentleman of Ajaccio, Corsica, whose family, of Tuscan origin, had settled there in the sixteenth century,



"BONAPARTE, GÉNÉRAL EN CHEF DE L'ARMÉE D'ITALIE."

"Designed after nature, and engraved at Milan in 1796." This is supposed to be the first engraving of Napoleon ever made. Below the print runs the legend:

Cui laurus æternos honores,
Italico peperit triumpho.
—Hor., Od. 3, Lib. 2.

and who, in 1764, when eighteen years of age, had married a young girl of the island, Letitia Ramolino.

Monsieur de Bonaparte gave his wife a noble name, but little else. He was an indolent, pleasure-loving, chimerical man, who had inherited a lawsuit, and whose time was absorbed in the hopeless task of recovering from the Jesuits an estate come from his mother, but of which the Church had taken possession. Madame Bonaparte brought her husband no great name, but she did

"BONAPARTE."

"Drawn from the life in Italy. Published in London April 20, 1797, by Tomkins, No. 49 New Bond Street." This is probably the first engraving of Napoleon published in London.

bring him the small property which became their home, and, better still, health, beauty, and remarkable qualities.

Tall and imposing, Mademoiselle Letitia Ramolino had a superb carriage, which she never lost, and a face which attracted attention particularly by the accentuation and perfection of its features. She was reserved, but of ceaseless energy and will, and though but sixteen when married, she conducted her family affairs with such good sense and firmness that she was able to bring up decently the eight children spared her from the thirteen she bore. The habits of order and economy formed in her years of struggle became so firmly

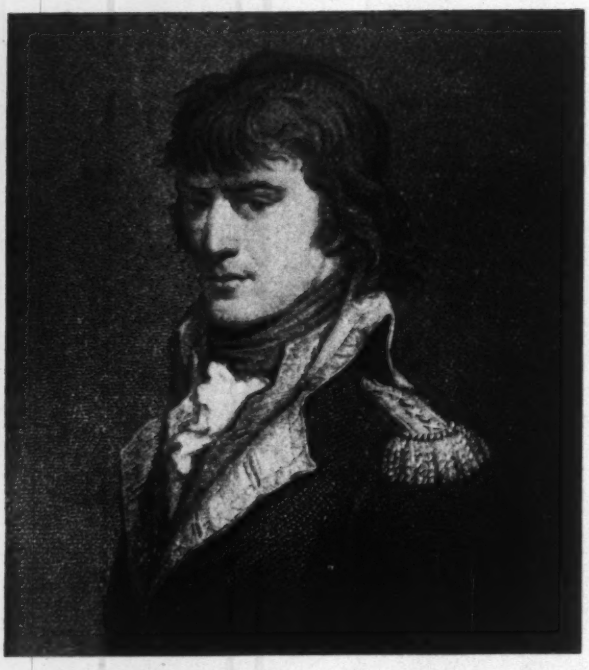
"BONAPARTE À LA BATAILLE D'ARCOLE, LE 27 BRUMAIRE AN. V."

Engraved at Milan by J. Longhi, 1798, after painting by Le Gros. The Count La Vallette, aide-de-camp of Napoleon at this time, states the circumstances under which this portrait was painted: "It was during his (Napoleon's) short stay at Milan that the young painter Gros, since so celebrated, made the first portrait that we have of the General. He represented him on the bridge at Lodi at the moment when, flag in hand, he rushed forward to lead his troops. The painter could not obtain a moment's sitting. Madame Bonaparte took him on her knees after breakfast and held him some moments. I was present three times. The age of the couple, the modesty of the painter, and his enthusiasm for his subject excused this familiarity. The portrait was astonishingly like him at the time. Some copies have been made of it, but the original is in the hands of the Queen of Holland, Madame the Duchess of Saint Lev."—*Memoirs et Souvenirs du Comte La Vallette*, vol. i. p. 193.

rooted in her character that later, when she became *mater regum*, the "Madame Mère" of an imperial court, she could not put them aside, but saved from the generous income at her disposal, "for those of my children who are not yet settled," she said. In every circumstance of her life she showed the truth of her own son's characterization: "A man's head on a woman's body."

"N. BONAPARTE, LUNEVILLE, AN. IX."

Engraver signs U. P.



"BUONAPARTE."

"Painted by F. Cossia in Verona, 1797. Engraved in London by Schiavonetti in 1797; three-quarter face and long bust. Published July 10, 1797, by John Shlunt, 231 Piccadilly."

The first years after their marriage were stormy ones for the Bonapartes. The Corsicans, led by the patriot Pascal Paoli, were in revolt against the French. Among Paoli's followers was Charles Bonaparte. He shared the fortunes of his chief to the end of the struggle of 1769, and when, finally, Paoli was hopelessly defeated, he took to the mountains. In all the dangers and miseries of this war and flight Charles Bonaparte was accompanied by his wife, who, vigorous of body and brave of heart, suffered privations, dangers, and fatigues without complaint. When the Corsicans submitted, the Bonapartes were sent back to their home in Ajaccio. Six weeks later Mme. Bonaparte gave birth to her fourth child, Napoleon.

"I was born," said Napoleon, "when my country was perishing. Thirty thousand Frenchmen were vomited upon our soil; the throne of our liberty was drowned in a sea of blood! This was the odious sight on which my eyes opened. Cries of the wounded, sighs of the oppressed, and tears of despair surrounded my cradle at my birth."

Young Bonaparte learned to hate with the fierceness peculiar to Corsican blood the idea of oppression, to revere Paoli, and, with a boy's contempt of necessity, even to despise his father's submission. It was not strange. His mother had little time for her children's training. His father gave them no attention, and Napoleon, "obstinate and curious," domineering over his brothers and companions, fearing no one, ran wild on the beach with the sailors or over the mountains with the herdsmen, listening to their tales of the Corsican rebellion and of fights on sea and land, imbibing their contempt for submission, their love for liberty.

At nine years of age he was a shy, proud, wilful child, unkempt and untrained, little, pale, and nervous, almost without instruction, and yet already enamored of a soldier's life and conscious of a certain superiority over his comrades. Then it was that he was suddenly transplanted from his free life to an environment foreign in its language,

BONAPARTE.

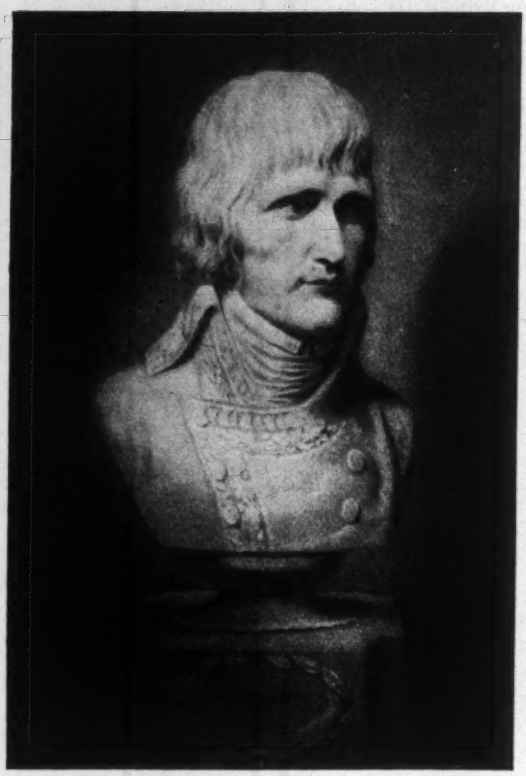
A fragment from a large composition, arranged and engraved by J. B. Louvion.

artificial in its etiquette, and severe in its regulations.

AT SCHOOL IN BRIENNE.

His father, having obtained a place for him in the Government military school at Brienne, took him and his elder brother Joseph, in December, 1778, when he was nine and a half years of age, to a preparatory school at Autun, where the boys, who up to this time had spoken nothing but Italian, were to learn French. Three months at Autun gave young Napoleon enough of the new language to do his exercises; thereupon he was separated from his brother and sent alone to Brienne.

From the first the atmosphere was hate-



"NAPOLEONE BUONAPARTE."

"Engraved by Henry Richter from the celebrated bust by Ceracchi, lately brought from Paris and now in his possession. Published June 1, 1801, by H. Richter, No. 26 Newman Street, Oxford Street." This bust was made in the Italian campaign by Ceracchi, a Corsican working in Rome. Ceracchi left Rome in 1799 to escape punishment for taking part in an insurrection in the city, and went to Paris, where he hoped to receive aid from the First Consul. He made the busts of several generals—Berthier, Masséna, and Bernadotte—but as orders did not multiply, and Napoleon did nothing for him, he became incensed against him, and took part in a plot to assassinate the First Consul at the opera, the 18th Brumaire, 1801. Arrested on his way to the *loge* in the opera, he was executed soon after.

ful to him. His comrades were French, and it was the French who had subdued Corsica. They taunted him with it sometimes, and he told them that had there been but four to one, Corsica would never have been conquered, but that the French came ten to one. When they said: "But your father submitted," he said bitterly: "I shall never forgive him for it." As for Paoli, he told them, proudly, "He is a good man. I wish I could be like him."

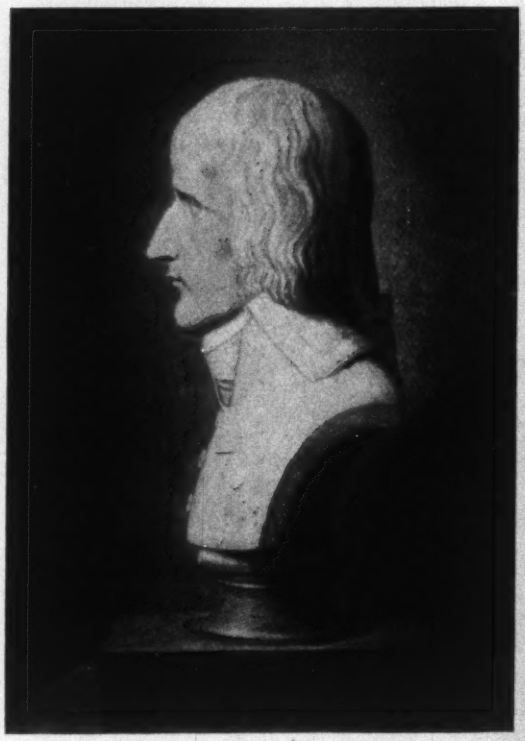
He had trouble with the new language. They jeered at him because of it. His name was strange; *la paille au nez* was the nickname they made from Napoleon. He was poor; they were rich. The contemptuous treatment he received because of his poverty was such that he begged to be taken home.

"My father," he wrote, "if you or my protectors cannot give me the means of sustaining myself more honorably in the house where I am, please summon me home, and as soon as possible. I am tired of poverty and of the smiles of the insolent scholars who are superior to me only in their fortune, for there is not one among them who feels one hundredth part of the noble sentiments by which I am animated. Must your son, sir, continually be the butt of these boobies, who, vain of the luxuries which they enjoy, insult me by their laughter at the privations which I am forced to endure? No, father, no! If fortune refuses to smile upon me, take me from Brienne, and make me, if you will, a mechanic. From these words you may judge of my despair. This letter, sir, please believe, is not dictated by a vain desire to enjoy expensive amusements. I have no such wish. I feel simply that it is necessary to show my companions that I can procure them as well as they, if I wish to do so.

"Your respectful and affectionate son,

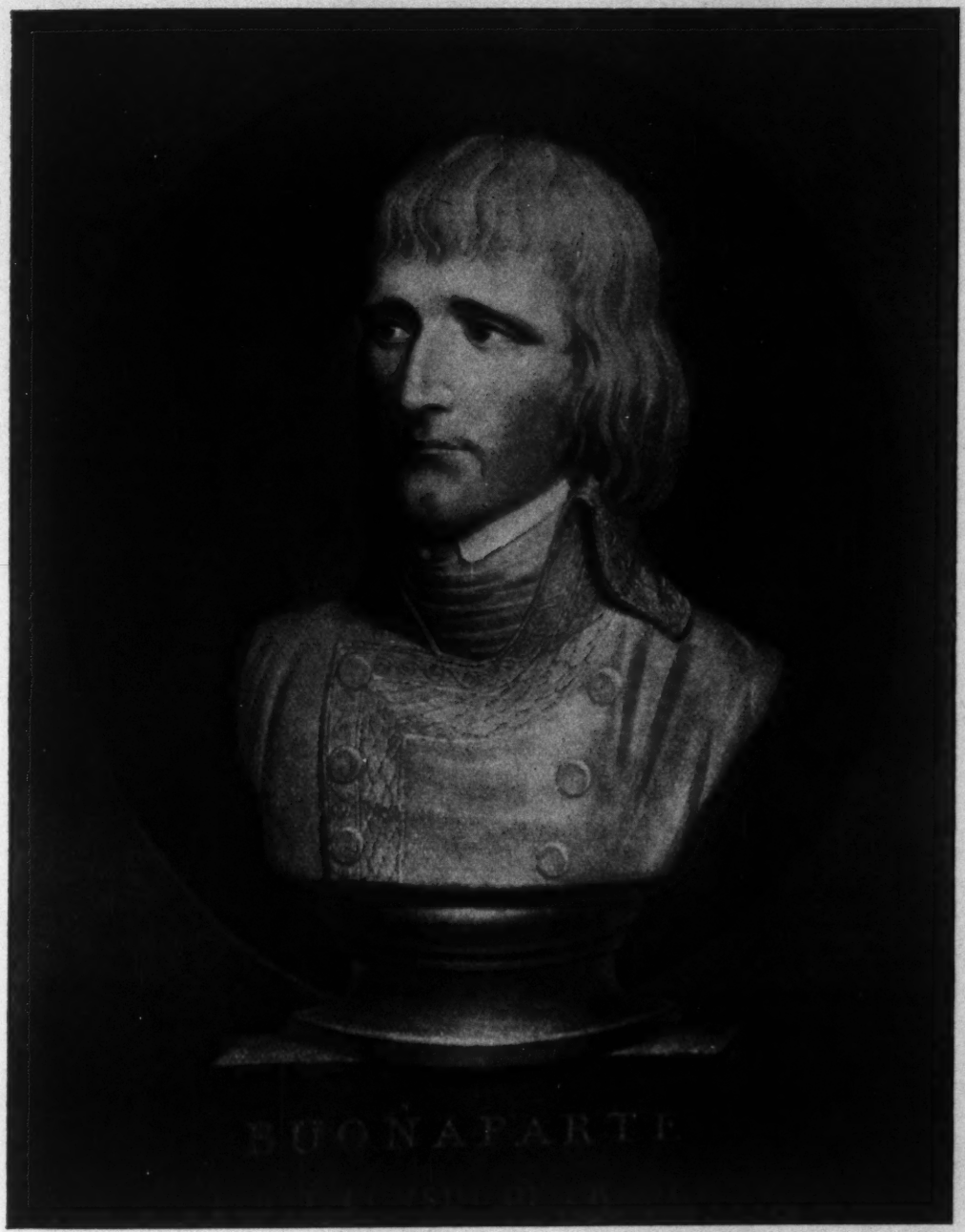
"BONAPARTE."

Charles Bonaparte, always in pursuit of pleasure and his inheritance, could not help his son. Napoleon made other attempts to escape, even offering himself, it is said, to the British Admiralty as a sailor. In the end he saw that there was no way for him but to remain at Brienne, galled by poverty and formalism.



NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE.

A side view of the bust by Ceracchi, June 1, 1801.



BUONAPARTE.

"Engraved by W. S. Reynolds from a picture painted by J. Northcote, Esq., royal artist, after an authentic bust lately received from Paris, published August 20, 1800, by the engraver, 47 Poland Street, London, masterpiece of mezzotint and first proof state."

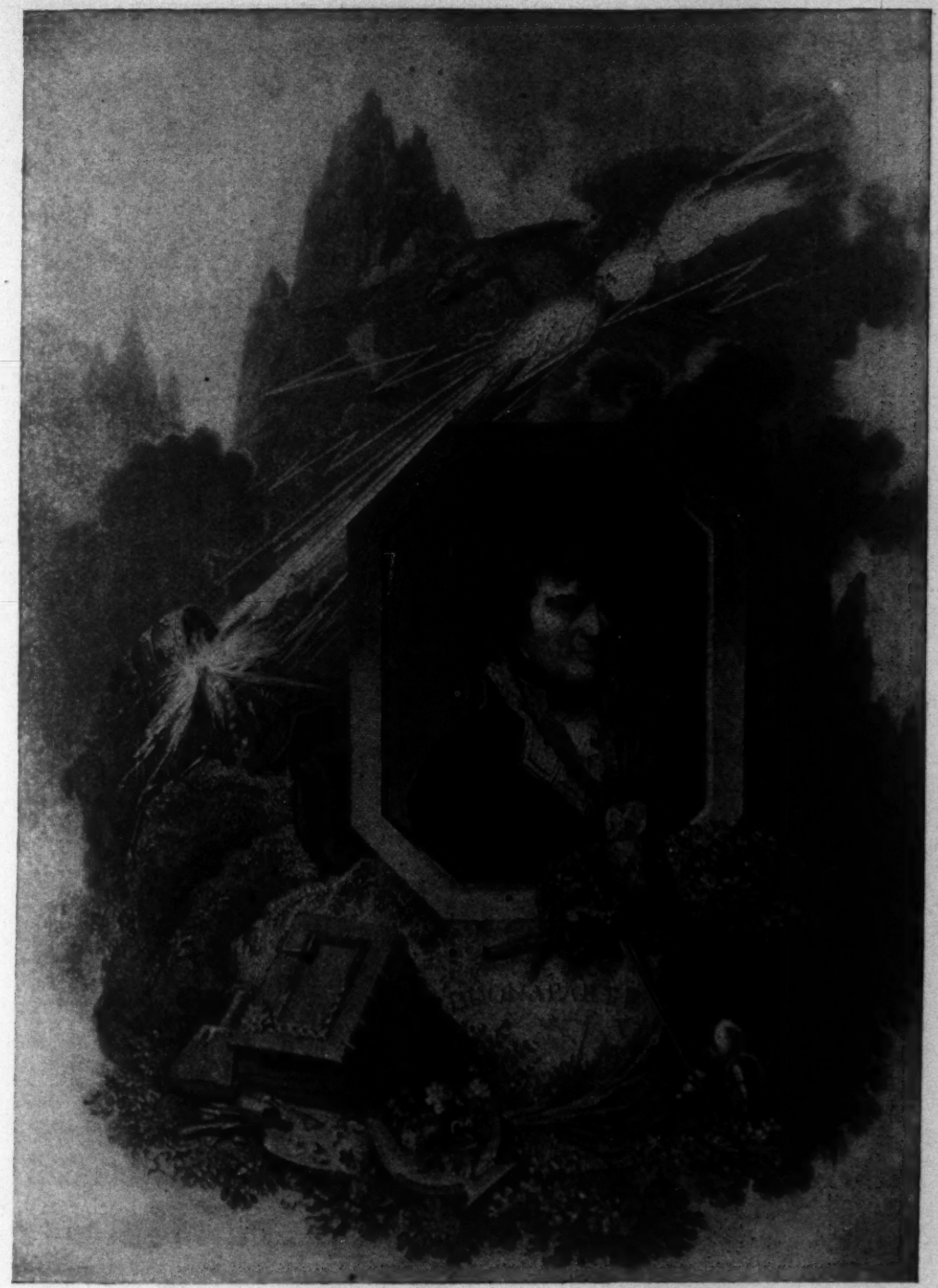
It would be unreasonable to suppose that there was no relief to this sombre life. Young Napoleon won recognition more than once from his companions by his bravery and skill in defending his rights. There is a story of a siege laid to an out-of-door nook which he had chosen for a study, in memory, perhaps, of the famous grotto in Ajaccio, where he had dreamed so often. He repulsed his assailants so valiantly that he not only won a right to his corner, but their applause. All the world knows the story of the snow-fort of which he was in turn engineer-in-chief and leader

"BUONAPARTE."

"Engraved from a picture painted at Milan, by A. Appiani, in the possession of the Right Honorable the Earl of Wycombe, by J. R. Smith, engraver in mezzotint to his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, and published by him, January 25, 1800; No. 31 King Street, Covent Garden, London."

of the besieging force. He was not only valorous; he was generous, and "preferred going to prison himself to denouncing his comrades who had done wrong." Young Napoleon found, in short, that if there were things for which he was ridiculed, there were others for which he was applauded.

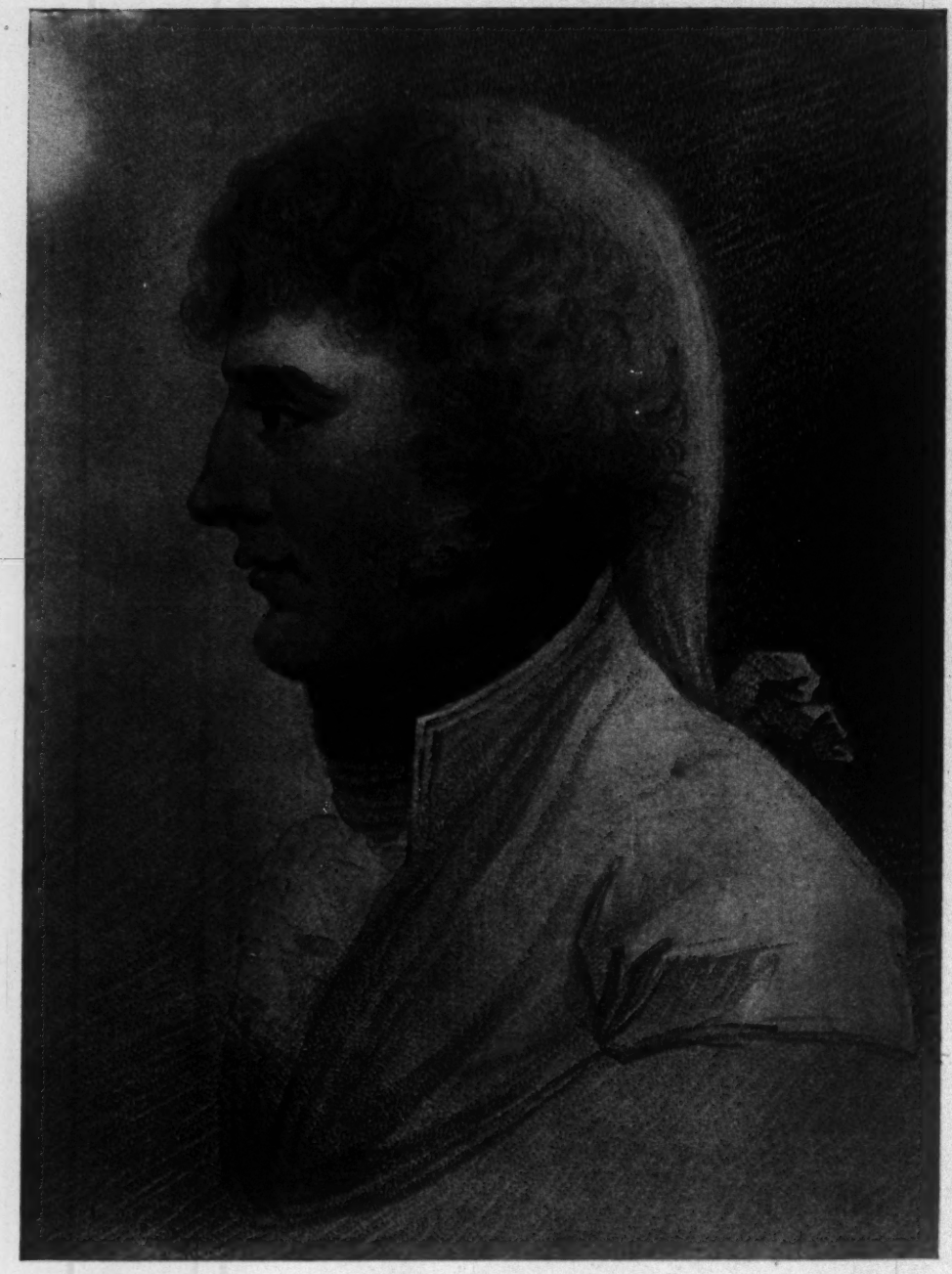
He made friends, particularly among



"BUONAPARTE."

W. M. Craig, painter; engraved by J. Landseer (father of the painter). Published September 5, 1798.

his teachers; and to one of his comrades, Bourrienne, he remained attached for years. "You never laugh at me; you like me," he said to his friend. Those who found him morose and surly, did not realize that beneath the reserved exterior of the little Corsican boy there was a proud and passionate heart aching for love, that it was sensitiveness rather than arrogance which drove him away from his mates.

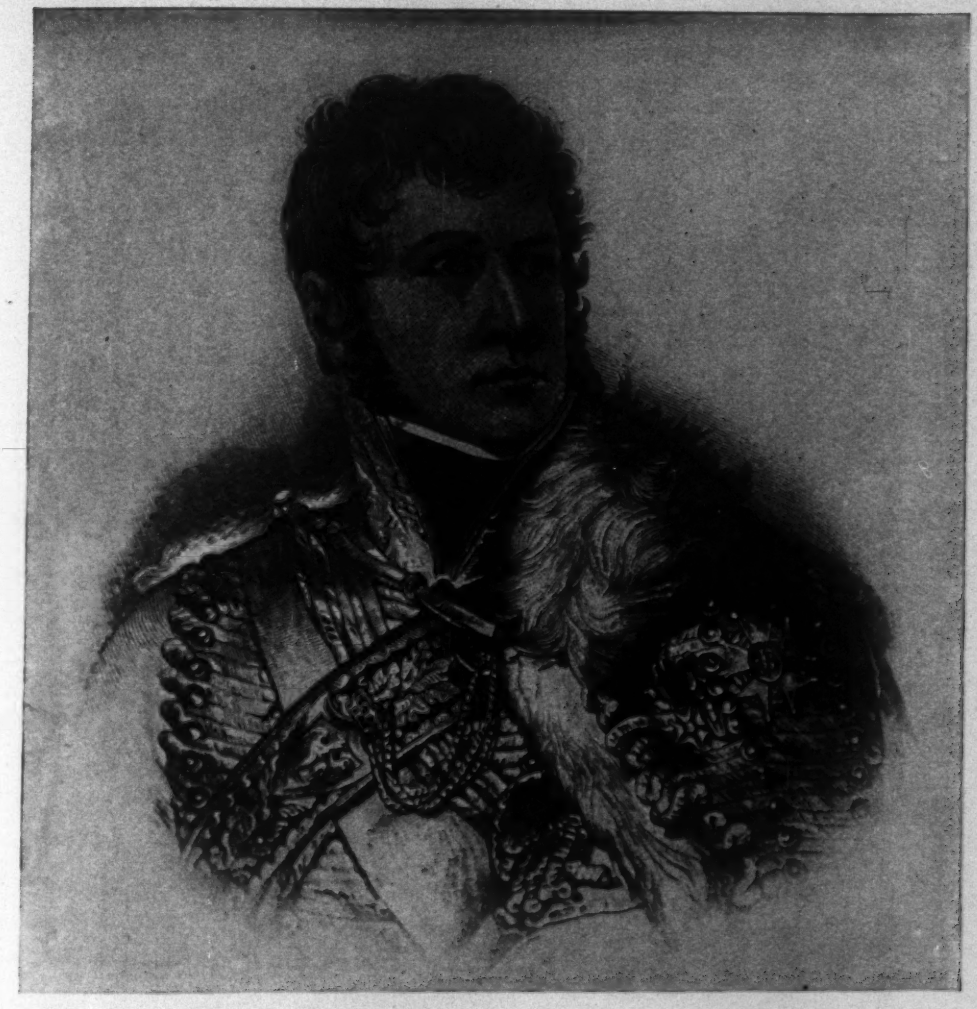


"NAPOLEONE BUONAPARTE, GENERAL-IN-CHIEF OF THE ARMIES OF ITALY."

"From an original drawing in the possession of the Rev. J. Thomas," Epsom, engraved by John Whessel; published November 4, 1797, by John Harris, Sweetings Alley, London.

At the end of five and one-half years Napoleon was promoted to the military school at Paris. The choice of pupils for this school was made by an inspector, at this time one Chevalier de Kéralio, an amiable old man, who was fond of playing with the boys as well as examining them. He was particularly pleased with Napoleon, and named him for promotion in spite of his being strong in nothing but mathematics, and not yet being of the age required by the regulations. The teachers protested, but De Kéralio insisted:

"I know what I am doing," he said. "If I put the rules aside in this case, it is not to do his family a favor — I do not



JUNOT (1771–1813).

Junot, afterwards Duke d'Abrantès, was born at Bussy-le-Grand. He studied law, and in 1791 joined a company of volunteers. His comrades gave him the name of *The Tempest*. At Toulon, where he was sergeant, Napoleon took him for a secretary. Junot distinguished himself in the Italian campaign, particularly at Lonato, where he was severely wounded in the head. He went to Egypt, and there became General-in-Chief. In the battle of Nazareth he showed the most brilliant courage, breaking a column of ten thousand Turks with a body of three hundred horse. Junot was severely wounded in Egypt, in a duel that he fought on account of his General-in-Chief, to whom he was devoted. After the battle of Marengo he was named Commander of Paris, General of Division, and then Colonel-General (1804). He was sent as ambassador to the court of Lisbon from 1804-1805, was present at Austerlitz, was Governor of Paris in 1806, and in 1807 was given the command of the Army of Portugal. He conquered this kingdom in less than two months, a success which earned him the title of the Duke d'Abrantès, but was subsequently beaten by Wellington and was obliged to evacuate the country in 1808. The rest of his career is sad. Napoleon, offended at his defeat, gave him obscure commands, and as he showed himself incapable in the Russian campaign, he was appointed to a position in the government of the Illyrian provinces. His grief deranged him, and he was sent home to be cared for. In his insanity he threw himself from the window, suffering injuries from which he died some days afterward, July 29, 1813. Junot married Mademoiselle Permon, daughter of the Madame Permon who was so kind to Napoleon in his youth at Paris.

know them. It is because of the child himself. I have seen a spark here that cannot be too carefully cultivated."

De Kéralio died before the nominations were made, but his wishes in regard to young Bonaparte were carried out. The recommendation which sent him up is curious. The notes read:

"Monsieur de Bonaparte; height four feet, ten inches and ten lines; has passed his fourth examination; good constitution, excellent health; submissive character, frank and grateful; regular in conduct;

MARIE ANNE ELIZA BONAPARTE.

Born at Ajaccio, January 3, 1777, Princess of Lucques and of Piombino, Grand Duchess of Tuscany, wife of Count Bacciochi. Died at Trieste, August 7, 1820.

has distinguished himself by his application to mathematics; is passably well up in history and geography; is behind-hand in his Latin. Will make an excellent sailor. Deserves to be sent to the school in Paris."

IN PARIS.

It was in October, 1784, that Napoleon was placed in the École Militaire at Paris, the same school which still faces the Champ de Mars. He was fifteen years old at the time, a thin-faced, awkward, countrified boy, who stared open-mouthed at the Paris street sights and seemed singularly out of place to those who saw him in the capital for the first time.

Napoleon found his new associates even more distasteful than those at Brienne had been. The pupils of the École Militaire were sons of soldiers and provincial gentlemen, educated gratuitously, and rich young men who paid for their privileges. The practices of the school were luxurious. There was a large staff of servants, costly stables, several courses at meals. Those who were rich spent freely; most of those who were poor ran in debt. Napoleon could not pay his share in the lunches and gifts which his mates offered now and then to teachers and fellows. He saw his sister Eliza, who was at Madame de Maintenon's

PAULINE MARIE BONAPARTE.

Born at Ajaccio, October 20, 1780, died at Florence, June 9, 1825. She first married General Leclerc, who died during the expedition of Saint-Domingo, and afterwards Camille Borghèse.

school at St. Cyr, weep one day for the same reason. He would not borrow. "My mother has already too many expenses, and I have no business to increase them by extravagances which are simply imposed upon me by the stupid folly of my comrades." But he did complain loudly to his friends. The Permons, a Corsican family living on the Quai Conti, who made Napoleon thoroughly at home with them, even holding a room at his disposal, frequently discussed these complaints. Was it vanity and envy, or a wounded pride and just indignation? The latter, said Monsieur Permon. This feeling was so profound with Napoleon, that, with his natural instinct of regulating whatever was displeasing to him, he prepared a memorial to the Government, full of good, practical sense, on the useless luxury of the pupils.

A year at Paris finished Napoleon's military education, and in October, 1785, when sixteen years old, he received his appointment as second lieutenant of the artillery in a regiment stationed at Valence. Out of the fifty-eight pupils entitled that year

ROBESPIERRE, MAXIMILIEN (1758–1794).

Robespierre was born at Arras, and educated in Paris for the law. He was admitted to the bar in 1781, and returned to Arras to practice, where he soon became known as a successful and conscientious advocate. In 1783 he was admitted to the academy of the town, and he competed for prizes offered by provincial academies, though without success. In 1789 he was elected a deputy of the *Tiers États* to the States-General, and afterwards to the Constituent Assembly. He obtained great influence over the people of Paris; and when the Constituent Assembly dissolved in 1791 he was crowned with Pétion an "incorruptible patriot." The Girondins accused him of aspiring to the dictatorship, and a war between him and that party was waged until their expulsion from the Convention, May 31, 1793. On July 27, 1793, he was elected to the Committee of Public Safety—the real executive government of France at the moment—and he has been credited with being the inventor of the Reign of Terror which that committee inaugurated. On July 26, 1794, Robespierre declared in the Convention that the Terror ought to be ended and deputies who had exceeded their powers punished. His enemies used his speech to arouse a revolt against him, and the next day, 9th Thermidor, he was arrested. His friends rescued him and took him to the Hôtel de Ville, where he was again arrested. In the arrest his lower jaw was shot. The next day (28th July) he was executed with twenty-one of his followers.

to the promotion of second lieutenant, but six went to the artillery; of these six, Napoleon was one. His examiner said of him:

"Reserved and studious, he prefers study to any amusement, and enjoys reading the best authors; applies himself earnestly to the abstract sciences; cares little for anything else. He is silent and loves solitude. He is capricious, haughty, and excessively egotistical; talks little, but is quick and energetic in his replies, prompt and severe in his repartees; has great pride and ambitions, aspiring to anything. The young man is worthy of patronage."

LIEUTENANT OF ARTILLERY.

He left Paris at once, on money borrowed from a cloth merchant whom his father had patronized, not sorry, probably, that his school-days were over, though it is certain that all of those who had been friendly to him in this period he never forgot in the future. Several of his old teachers at Brienne received pensions; one was made rector of the School of Fine Arts established at Compiègne, another librarian at Malmaison, where the porter was the former porter of Brienne. The professors of the École Militaire were equally well taken care of, as well as many of his schoolmates. Generous, forbearing, even tender remembrance of all who had been associated with him in his early years, was one of Napoleon's marked characteristics.

His new position was not brilliant. He had an annual income of two hundred and twenty-four dollars, and there was much hard work. It was independence, however, and life opened gayly to the young officer. He made many acquaintances, and for the first time saw something of society and women. Madame Colombier, whose *salon* was the leading one of the town, received him, introduced him to powerful friends, and, indeed, prophesied a great future for him.

The sixteen-year-old officer, in spite of his shabby clothes and big boots, became a favorite. He talked brilliantly and freely, began to find that he could please, and, for the first time, made love a little—to Mademoiselle Colombier—a frolicking boy-and-girl love, the object of whose stolen rendezvous was to eat cherries together. Mademoiselle Mion-Desplaces, a pretty Corsican girl in Valence, also received some attention from him. Encouraged by his good beginning, and ambitious for future success, he even began to take dancing lessons.

CARE OF HIS FAMILY.

Had there been no one but himself to think of, everything would have gone easily, but the care of his family was upon him. His father had died a few months before, February, 1785, and left his affairs in a sad tangle. Joseph, now nearly eighteen years of age, who had gone to Autun in 1778 with Napoleon, had remained there until 1785. The intention was to make him a priest; suddenly he declared that he would not be anything but a soldier. It was to undo all that had been done for him; but his father made an effort to get him into a military school. Before the arrangements were complete he died, and Joseph was obliged to return to Corsica, where he was powerless to do anything for his mother and for the four young children at home: Louis, aged nine; Pauline, seven; Caroline, five; Jerome, three.

Lucien, now nearly eleven years old, was at Brienne, refusing to become a soldier, as his family desired, and giving his time to literature; but he was not a free pupil, and the six hundred francs a year needful for him was a heavy tax. Eliza alone was provided for. She had entered St. Cyr in 1784 as one of the two hundred and fifty pupils supported there by his Majesty, and to be a *demoiselle de St. Cyr* was to be fed, taught, and clothed from seven to twenty, and, on leaving, to receive a dowry of three thousand francs, a *trousseau*, and one hundred and fifty francs for travelling expenses home.

Napoleon regarded his family's situation more seriously than did his brothers. Indeed, when at Brienne he had shown an interest, a sense of responsibility, and a good judgment about the future of his brothers and sisters, quite amazing in a boy of thirteen. His advice had usually been considered by Charles Bonaparte, and it was with reason that his uncle Lucien said, before dying: "Remember, that if Joseph is the older, Napoleon is the real head of the house." The letter sent by Napoleon to his mother at the death of his father shows the strength of his feeling towards his parents:

PARIS, *March* 29, 1785.

MY DEAR MOTHER:

Now that time has begun to soften the first transports of my sorrow, I hasten to express to you the gratitude I feel for all the kindness you have always displayed towards us. Console yourself, dear mother; circumstances require that you should. We will redouble our care and our gratitude, happy if, by our obedience, we can make up to you in the smallest degree for the inestimable loss of a cher-

ished husband. I finish, dear mother—my grief compels it—by praying you to calm yours. My health is perfect, and my daily prayer is that Heaven may grant you the same.

NAPOLEONE DE BUONAPARTE.

Now that young Bonaparte was in an independent position, he felt still more keenly his responsibility, and it was for this reason, as well as because of ill-health, that he left his regiment in February, 1787, on a leave which he extended to nearly fifteen months, and which he spent in energetic efforts to better their situation, working to reëstablish salt works and a mulberry plantation in which they were concerned, to secure the nomination of Lucien to the college at Aix, and to place Louis at a French military school.

LITERARY WORK.

When he went back to his regiment, now stationed at Auxonne, he denied himself to send money home, and spent his leisure in desperate work, sleeping but six hours, eating but one meal a day, dressing once in the week. He had a serious piece of work on hand. Fearful that the career of a soldier was too slow a means of gaining wealth and fame, he had attempted literature, and at this moment was finishing a history of Corsica, a portion of which he had written at Valence and submitted to the Abbé Raynal, who had encouraged him to go on. In fact, Napoleon had many literary projects on hand. He had been a prodigious reader, and was never so happy as when he could save a few *sous* for *bouquinerie*. From everything he read he made long extracts, and kept a book of "thoughts." Most curious are some of these fragments, reflections on the beginning of society, on love, on nature. They show that he was passionately absorbed in forming ideas of the great questions of life and its relations.

Besides his history of Corsica, he had already written several fragments, among them a romance, an historical drama called the "Count of Essex," and a story, the "Masque Prophète." He undertook, too, to write a sentimental journey in the style of Sterne, describing a trip from Valence to Mont-Cenis. Later he competed for a prize offered by the Academy of Lyons on the subject: "To determine what truths and feelings should be inculcated in men for their happiness." He failed in the contest; indeed, the essay was severely criticised for its incoherency and poor style.

The Revolution of 1789 turned Napoleon's mind to an ambition greater than that of writing the history of Corsica—he would free Corsica. The National Assembly had lifted the island from its inferior relation and made it a department of France, but sentiment was much divided. Napoleon, deeply interested in the progress of the new liberal ideas, and seeing, too, the opportunity for a soldier and an agitator among his countrymen, hastened home, where he spent some twenty-five months out of the next two and a half years.

PRIVATION AND ECONOMIES.

Revolutionary agitation did not absorb all his time. Never did he work harder for his family. The portion of this period which he spent in France he was accompanied by Louis, whose tutor he had become, and he suffered every deprivation to help him. Napoleon's income at that time was sixty-five cents a day. This meant that he must live in wretched rooms, prepare himself the broth on which he and his brother dined, never go to a *café*, brush his own clothes, give Louis lessons. He did it bravely. "I breakfasted off dry bread, but I bolted my door on my poverty," he said once to a young officer complaining of the economies he must make on two hundred dollars a month.

Economy and privation were always more supportable to him than borrowing. He detested irregularities in financial matters. "Your finances are deplorably conducted, apparently on metaphysical principles. Believe me, money is a very physical thing," he once said to Joseph, when the latter, as King of Naples, could not make both ends meet. He put Jerome to sea largely to stop his reckless expenditures. (At fifteen that young man paid three thousand two hundred dollars for a shaving case "containing everything except the beard to enable its owner to use it.") Some of the most furious scenes which occurred between Napoleon and Josephine were because she was continually in debt. After the divorce he frequently cautioned her to be watchful of her money. "Think what a bad opinion I would have of you if I knew you were in debt with an income of six hundred thousand dollars a year," he wrote her in 1813.

The methodical habits of Marie Louise were a constant satisfaction to Napoleon. "She settles all her accounts once a week, deprives herself of new gowns if necessary, and imposes privations upon herself in order to keep out of debt," he said proudly. A bill of sixty-two francs and thirty-two

centimes was once sent to him for window blinds placed in the *salon* of the Princess Borghese. "As I did not order this expenditure, which ought not to be charged to my budget, the princess will pay it," he wrote on the margin.

It was not parsimony. It was the man's sense of order. No one was more generous in gifts, pensions, salaries; but it irritated him to see money wasted or managed carelessly.

NAPOLEON AND THE REVOLUTION.

Through his long absence in Corsica, and the complaints which the conservatives of the island had made to the French government of the way he had handled his battalion of National Guards in a riot at Ajaccio, Napoleon lost his place in the French army. He came to Paris in the spring of 1792, hoping to regain it. But in the confused condition of public affairs little attention was given to such cases, and he was obliged to wait.

Almost penniless, he dined on six-cent dishes in cheap restaurants, pawned his watch, and with Bourrienne devised schemes for making a fortune. One was to rent some new houses going up in the city and to sub-let them. While he waited he saw the famous days of the "Second Revolution"—the 20th of June, when the mob surrounded the Tuileries, overrun the palace, put the *bonnet rouge* on Louis XVI.'s head, did everything but strike, as the agitators had intended. Napoleon and Bourrienne, loitering on the outskirts, saw the outrages, and he said, in disgust:

"*Che coglione*, why did they allow these brutes to come in? They ought to have shot down five or six hundred of them with cannon, and the rest would soon have run."

He saw the 10th of August, when the king was deposed. He was still in Paris when the horrible September massacres began—those massacres in which, to "save the country," the fanatical and terrified populace resolved to put "rivers of blood" between Paris and the *emigrés*. All these excesses filled him with disgust. He began to understand that the Revolution he admired so much needed a head.

In August Napoleon was restored to the army. The following June found him with his regiment in the south of France. In the interval spent in Corsica he had abandoned Paoli and the cause of Corsican independence. His old hero had been dragged, in spite of himself, into a movement for separating the island from France. Napoleon felt that the French government, whatever its excesses, was the only advocate in Europe of liberty and equality, and he preferred that Corsica should remain with France rather than to seek English aid, as it must if it revolted. But he and his party were defeated, and he with his family was obliged to flee.

The Corsican period of his life was over; the French opens. He begins it as a thorough republican. The evolution of his enthusiasm for the Revolution had been natural enough. He had been a devoted believer in Rousseau's principles. The year 1789 had struck down the abuses which galled him in French society and government.

As he wrote, "the nation is now the paramount object; my natural inclinations are now in harmony with my duties."

The efforts of the court and the *emigrés* to overthrow the new government had increased his devotion to France. "My southern blood leaps in my veins with the rapidity of the Rhone," he said, when the question of the preservation of the Constitution was brought up. The months spent at Paris in 1792 had only intensified his radical notions.

FIRST SUCCESS.

The condition of the Bonapartes on arriving in France after their expulsion from Corsica was abject. Their property "pillaged, sacked, and burned," they had escaped penniless—were, in fact, refugees dependent upon French bounty. They wandered from place to place and soon found a good friend in Monsieur Clary of Marseilles, a soap-boiler, with two pretty daughters, Julie and Désirée, and Joseph and Napoleon became inmates of his house.

It was not as a soldier but as a writer that Napoleon first distinguished himself in this new period of his life. An insurrection against the government had arisen in Marseilles. In an imaginary conversation called *le souper de Beaucaire*, Napoleon discussed the situation so clearly and justly that Salicetti, Gasparin, and Robespierre the younger, the deputies who were looking after the South, ordered the paper published at public expense, and distributed it as a campaign document. More, they promised to favor the author when they had an opportunity.

It soon came. Toulon had opened its doors to the English and joined Marseilles in a counter-revolution. Napoleon was in the force sent against the town, and he was

soon promoted to the command of the Second Regiment of artillery. His energy and skill won him favorable attention. He saw at once that the important point was not besieging the town, as the general in command was doing and the Convention had ordered, but in forcing the allied fleet from the harbor, when the town must fall of itself. But the commander-in-chief was stupid, and it was not until the command was changed and an officer of experience and wisdom put in charge that Napoleon's plans were listened to. The new general saw at once their value and hastened to carry them out. The result was the withdrawal of the allies in December, 1793, and the fall of Toulon. Bonaparte was mentioned by the general-in-chief as "one of those who have most distinguished themselves in aiding me," and in February, 1794, was made general of brigade.

It is interesting to note that it was at Toulon that Napoleon first came in contact with the English. Here he made the acquaintance of Junot, Marmont, and Duroc. Barras, too, had his attention drawn to him at this time.

The circumstances which brought Junot and Napoleon together at Toulon were especially heroic. Some one was needed to carry an order to an exposed point. Napoleon asked for an under officer, audacious and intelligent. Junot, then a sergeant, was sent. "Take off your uniform and carry this order there," said Napoleon, indicating the point.

Junot blushed and his eyes flashed. "I am not a spy," he answered; "find some one beside me to execute such an order."

"You refuse to obey?" said Napoleon.

"I am ready to obey," answered Junot, "but I will go in my uniform or not go at all. It is honor enough then for these —— Englishmen."

The officer smiled and let him go, but he took pains to find out his name.

A few days later Napoleon called for some one in the ranks who wrote a fine hand to come to him. Junot offered himself, and sat down close to the battery to write the letter. He had scarcely finished when a bomb thrown by the English burst near by and covered him and his letter with earth.

"Good," said Junot, laughing, "I shall not need any sand to dry the ink."

Bonaparte looked at the young man, who had not even trembled at the danger. From that time the young sergeant remained with the commander of artillery.

The favors granted Napoleon for his services at Toulon were extended to his family. Madame Bonaparte was helped by the municipality of Marseilles. Joseph was made commissioner of war. Lucien was joined to the Army of Italy, and in the town where he was stationed became famous as a popular orator—"little Robespierre," they called him. He began, too, here to make love to his landlord's daughter, Christine Boyer, afterwards his wife.

NAPOLEON AND THE ROBESPIERRES.

The outlook for the refugees seemed very good, and it was made still brighter by the very particular friendship of the younger Robespierre for Napoleon. This friendship was soon increased by the part Napoleon played in a campaign of a month with the Army of Italy, when, largely by his genius, the seaboard from Nice to Genoa was put into French power. If this victory were much for the army and for Robespierre, it was more for Napoleon. He looked from the Tende, and saw for the first time that in Italy there was "a land for a conqueror." Robespierre wrote to his brother, the real head of the government at the moment, that Napoleon possessed "transcendent merit." He engaged him to draw up a plan for a campaign against Piedmont, and sent him on a secret mission to Genoa. Thus things began to go well for Bonaparte. His poverty passed. His brothers received good positions; Joseph was betrothed to Julie Clary, and life went gayly at Nice and Marseilles, where Napoleon had about him many of his friends—Robespierre and his sister; his own two pretty sisters; Marmont, and Junot who was deeply in love with Pauline.

On the 9th Thermidor Robespierre fell, and all who had favored him were suspected, Napoleon among the rest. His secret mission to Genoa gave a pretext for his arrest, and for thirteen days he was a prisoner, but through his friends was liberated.

The connections of Napoleon with Robespierre the elder have often been quoted against him. That he never favored the excesses of the Terror, all those who knew him testify, and there are many stories of his efforts at this time to save *emigrés* and suspects from the violence of the rabid patriots—even to save the English imprisoned at Toulon.

That he admired the powers of Robespierre, is unquestionable. He was certain that if he had "remained in power, he would have reëstablished order and law;

the result would have been attained without any shocks, because it would have come through the quiet exercise of power." Nevertheless, it is certain that Napoleon was unwilling to come into close contact with him, as his refusal to go to Paris to take the command of the garrison of the city shows. No doubt his refusal was partly due to his ambition—he thought the opening better where he was—and partly due, too, to his dislike of the excesses which the government was practising. He always remembered Robespierre the younger with kindness, and when he was in power gave Charlotte Robespierre a pension.

OUT OF WORK.

In April, 1795, Napoleon received orders to join the Army of the West. When he reached Paris he found that it was the infantry to which he was assigned. Such a change was considered a disgrace in the army. He refused to go. It was the collapse of what seemed to be a career, the shutting of the gate he had worked so fiercely to open. He must begin again, and he did not see how.

A sort of despair settled over him. "He declaimed against fate," says the Duchesse d'Abrantès. "I was idle and discontented," he says of himself. He went to the theatre and sat sullen and inattentive through the gayest of plays. "He had moments of fierce hilarity," says Bourrienne.

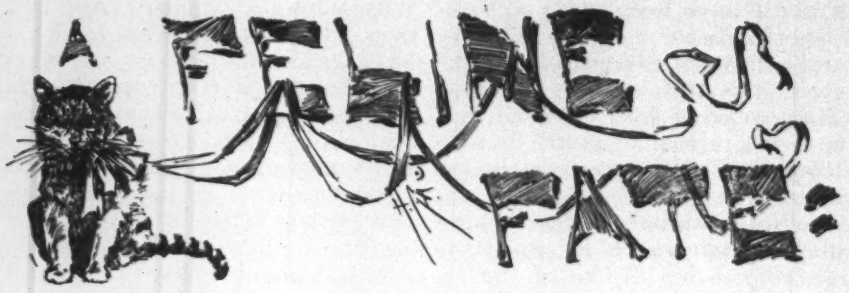
A pathetic distaste of effort came over him at times; he wanted to settle. "If I could have that house," he said one day to Bourrienne, pointing to an empty house near by, "with my friends and a cabriolet, I should be the happiest of men." He clung to his friends with a sort of desperation, and his letters to Joseph are touching in the extreme.

Love as well as failure caused his melancholy. All about him, indeed, turned his thoughts to marriage. Joseph was now married, and his happiness made him envious. "What a lucky rascal Joseph is!" he said. Junot, madly in love with Pauline, was with him. The two young men wandered through the alleys of the Jardin des Plantes and discussed Junot's passion. In listening to his friend, Napoleon thought of himself. He had been touched by Désirée Clary, Joseph's sister-in-law; a charming girl, with beautiful eyes and a sweet smile, though absurdly romantic. Why not try to win her? And he begins to demand news of her from Joseph. Désirée has asked for his portrait, and he writes: "I shall have it taken for her; you must give it to her, if she still wants it; if not, keep it yourself." He is cross when he does not have news of her, accuses Joseph of purposely omitting her name from his letters, and Désirée herself of forgetting him. At last he consults Joseph: "If I remain here, it is just possible that I might feel inclined to commit the folly of marrying. I should be glad of a line from you on the subject. You might perhaps speak to Eugénie's [Désirée's] brother and let me know what he says, and then it will be settled." He waits the answer to his overtures "with impatience"; urges his brother to arrange things so that nothing "may prevent that which I long for." But Désirée was obdurate. Later she married Bernadotte and became Queen of Sweden.

Yet in all these varying moods he was never idle. As three years before he and Bourrienne indulged in financial speculations; he tried to persuade Joseph to invest his wife's *dot* in the property of the *emigrés*, and he pushed his brothers as if he had no personal ambition. One of his plans for himself was to go to Turkey. For two or three years, in fact, Napoleon had thought of the Orient as a possible field for his genius, and his mother had often worried lest he should go. Just now it happened that the Sultan of Turkey asked the French for aid in reorganizing his artillery and perfecting the defences of his forts, and Napoleon asked to be allowed to undertake the work. While pushing this plan with extraordinary enthusiasm, even writing Joseph almost daily letters about what he would do for him when he was settled in the Orient, he was called to do a piece of work which was to be of importance in his future.

The war committee needed plans for an Italian campaign; the head of the committee was in great perplexity. Nobody knew anything about the condition of things in the South. By chance, one day, one of Napoleon's acquaintances heard of the difficulties and recommended the young general. The memorial he prepared was so excellent that he was invited into the topographical bureau of the Committee of Public Safety. His knowledge, sense, energy, fire were so remarkable that he made strong friends and became at once an important personage.

NOTE.—To be continued. Sixty more portraits of Napoleon, constituting a complete series of "human documents," will be published in this magazine in course of the next five months, along with many other pictures illustrating his career. See announcement at the front of this number.



By Anna Robeson Brown.

BECAUSE the night was bitterly cold, and sleet was falling in thin, sharp lines, Dick Eaton put on his heavy overcoat, in which everything was fur-lined, even to the pockets, before starting for Mrs. Leighton's dinner.

He was not feeling particularly happy, although he was in general a happy-hearted fellow enough. When one is twenty-eight, and has just received a severe snub from one's lady-love, one does not contemplate a long, dreary dinner with much satisfaction. Dick certainly did not. He would much rather have stayed at home and nursed his woes over a bright fire, a volume of Dumas, and a pipe. However, as this was not to be, he did not grumble, but only gave a sigh or two at the fate which allotted that his heart should have flown away before he was aware of it, and without any prospect of its acceptance.

It cannot be denied that it was Dick's own fault. He had chosen to fall in love with a very superior person—with a girl of wit as well as beauty; with a young lady who had seen and travelled much, who barely tolerated the average young man, and who, as she counted among her friends many prominent people, could afford to pick and choose. It was not to be expected that Lilian Girton, an honored guest in Upper Bohemia, privileged to act as a hostess to scores of well-known people, should have any time to waste on Dick Eaton. It was nothing to her that he persistently and furtively adored her; that he had done so from the first week of their meeting two years ago; and less than nothing that he was possessed of a considerable income. The Girton money made this latter fact of no consequence; and Dick himself—well, Dick was not clever. He did not write, nor sing, nor act; he was not æsthetic, musical, nor socialistic. He was only a big, strong, tender-hearted fellow, pure in soul and sunny of temper, from whose armor of proof the temptations of modern life rolled like water from a duck's back. He had never done a mean action nor told a slanderous story. He was generous of heart, lavish of hand, and had a weakness for animals. His habits were temperate, but not rigid. He drank a little, played poker—a little, and was not above making a bet. He was so straightforward and pure-minded and innately chivalrous that some of his friends had called him "Sir Galahad"—behind his back, of course. Dick would not have known what they meant. Indeed, it is to be doubted if Dick had ever heard of Sir Galahad. Dick's mental acquirements were rather slim, it must be confessed. He read Shakespeare and Macaulay, and Thackeray and Dumas, and he was fond of Wilkie Collins. He had no taste for Buddhism, and thought theosophy was "tommy rot." He did not know a thing about Ibsen, and had never heard of Mr. George Meredith; from which it may be inferred that in Miss Girton's eyes he was a highly commonplace and objectionable young man. Nevertheless, in despite of snubs, sarcasm, and ill-concealed indifference, Dick adored Miss Girton; loved her with a single-souled passion which colored all his life and dominated all his thoughts; which made him her knight, whether she would or no.

It is not quite certain whether Miss Girton was aware of this fact; certainly all of Dick's friends were, and they were for the most part very sympathetic, and sang his praises all day long, much to her astonishment.

"I cannot understand," she said, "what it is that makes that young Eaton fellow so popular. He hasn't an ounce of brains; but, to hear his friends talk, one would think he had the mental powers of a Bismarck."

This state of affairs did not tend to make her any kindlier to him. She was always out when he called, or else some

celebrity came in, and Dick was left enshrouded in outer darkness during the brilliancy of their conversation. So it happened that on this particular evening he was feeling downcast, and for once discouraged.

It was cold and wet and slippery. The sleet was fine, with a penetrating quality, and it clung to door-posts or froze on window-panes until there seemed no warmth nor dryness anywhere. The wind was gusty; it blew the sleet into Dick's face; and the streets were uncomfortably glassy on pavements and mushy at crossings. He stumped along, with the collar of his coat turned up about his ears, feeling that wind and weather had conspired together against his comfort, and growing less inclined for the chilly formality of a dinner at every step. Half the distance, perhaps, had been traversed, and the last bad crossing waded through successfully, when he felt something brush against his foot and stick fine points into his trousers. At the same time there came a piteous mew. The night was dark as pitch, and the sleet dimmed the windy lamp at the corner; so Dick stopped, and felt down his trousers-leg until his gloved fingers came in contact with a ball of shivering wet fur, which offered no resistance when he raised it.

It was a kitten—a very weak, very wet, and very miserable kitten—from the drenched hair on its little gray head to the tip of its shivering tail, the incarnation of helpless misery. It lay passively, sprawled over his hands, and looking at him with blinking green eyes, far too cold and uncomfortable to be frightened.

"Hello, old man," said Dick, staring at it, at the draggled, helpless paws, and the thin, rough coat. "Where do you belong?"

The kitten naturally made no answer, but continued to blink at Dick and to shiver helplessly. It was so very small that it staggered and slid about when it tried to stand, so it finally gave up trying, and subsided into an indeterminate heap.

"Well, I'm awfully sorry, but I can't help it, you know," Dick said, half apologetically. "Run home to your mamma. You're far too little to be out alone."

He set it down on the pavement again, but it only crouched there mewing, and, when he moved away, sprang feebly up his leg, and clung there till he could bear it no longer. He was fond of cats, and this one was so very tiny and abject and wretched, he could not abandon it. He lifted it again, and rubbed the rough fur for dryness, and then tickled it gently under the chin and behind the ears, while the kitten sat on his arm and held its head first to one side and then to the other, as if it enjoyed the process. Then it backed down into the

"MILK!" SAID THE HOST, FORGETTING TO RELIGHT HIS CIGAR.

palm of his hand and there curled up, sticking its head into the fur cuff of his sleeve. There was evidently no use trying to get rid of it, and, after all, Dick could not abandon the little creature which had fled so confidently to him for protection.

"Well, you are cool," he said, stroking the soft little head; "but I say, old man, what am I to do with you, you know?"

The kitten offered no solution of this problem beyond an attempt to purr, a very weak, hoarse purr, to be sure, but an achievement of which it was evidently not a little proud. The purr settled it. Dick was soft-hearted, and half-conquered already. As he looked about him in despair, he caught sight of the red light swinging in front of Briggs's grocery store at the corner, and he remembered that Briggs kept a bull-dog who liked kittens to play with, and who usually mangled one a week. Meanwhile it was growing late, and Dick was freezing, two circumstances which added weight to the situation. There was nothing to be done for it but to take the kitten along. Abandon it he would not; find it shelter he could not; the only course left was to take it with him. Once at the Leightons' he could decide what to do with his troublesome charge; meanwhile——

"Well," said Dick, resignedly, striding on, "I suppose you have got to come; only, old man, I must say I wish you had chosen to favor me on my way home."

And the kitten gave a jubilant burst of purr which sounded apologetic.

Dick transferred it to his pocket, which, as it was a very small kitten indeed, was very roomy quarters. The kitten smelt all over it carefully first, and then tied itself into a tight bunch and proceeded to make its toilet; while Dick walked briskly on, chuckling to himself sometimes at the oddity of his position, and yet reflecting on his situation with some anxiety.

As he drew near the house he grew more and more perplexed. He simply could not produce the beast upon entering Mrs. Leighton's parlors; the effect would be too ridiculous, and Dick was foolish enough to be sensitive to ridicule. Miss Girton was to be there, and he dreaded her laughter; he felt sure that such a proceeding would ruin him forever in her eyes. An able-bodied young man picking up a forlorn alley cat and bringing it with him to a dinner-party—it was quite impossible. And yet, what was to be done? If the animal would stay quietly in his pocket, it might not be so hard to conceal it during the meal, and he would excuse himself as early as possible. The kitten seemed so abject and meek that he felt inclined to try the experiment, trusting to the novelty and warmth for due effect in keeping it still; yet, at the same time, he could not but acknowledge to himself that there were more risks than one. However, it really seemed the only course to take, and Dick resolved to trust to luck, which had rarely failed him in an emergency.

"Now, old man," he said to the kitten as they stood on the door-steps, "I have done you a good turn, you know, so I expect you to do me another by lying low and keeping dark. Don't give yourself away, old man, if you love me."

"I'll put my coat here," he said hastily, as the butler offered to disencumber him of that garment. He could hear the hum of voices in the drawing-room, and her bright laugh rippled out above the maze of conversations. If he had entertained any idea of producing his prize, it vanished now. He hung his coat carefully in a dark corner, away from the stony-eyed butler and his assistants, and tried to arrange the folds so as to hide the small gray head which peeped inquisitively out over the edge of his pocket. Meanwhile he petted his prize furtively and conjured it not to betray him.

The kitten appeared acquiescent. It was evidently sleepy, and Dick saw with joy that it had already prepared itself for a nap. He breathed a fervent prayer, gave it a farewell pat, and strode nervously into the drawing-room.

Never was dinner so interminably long. They had allotted him to a vivacious little girl in her first season, and he was far away from Miss Girton's end of the table. That lady sat between the pianist and the newest writer of short stories, and Dick noticed with dull jealousy that she seemed on excellent terms with both. As for him, the spectre of his concealed crime rose up before him at every mouthful. The girl who sat next him thought him very queer and absent-minded, for he talked by fits and starts, while every now and then she caught him looking anxiously toward the door.

With the third course came a new torment—how to feed his incubus. That the kitten was starving, Dick made no doubt, and the thought was sufficient to spoil his dinner for him. He felt exceedingly guilty at the thought that he had not provided for it before. Also the thought that the smell of food might possibly attract the animal from his pocket and induce it to make its appearance in the dining-room,

"IT'S A CAT, BY JOVE!" SAID SOMEBODY.

filled him with apprehension. He looked about him for something to slip into his pocket and convey to it secretly, but the outlook was not promising. To say nothing of the difficulty of transportation, such viands as sweetbreads *à la* Marengo, chicken with truffles, or Roman punch were hardly the diet any self-respecting cat would select for her offspring, and Dick knew it. He passed three courses in endeavoring to manufacture some plausible excuse for leaving the table, but finally

gave up in despair, resolving to wait until the ladies retired to the drawing-room, when the greater freedom that prevailed might aid his purpose.

When cigars had been lighted and chairs pushed back, and when conversation was flowing gently and intermittently, like the wine into the glasses, Dick felt his hour had come.

"Leighton," he said, addressing his host with elaborate indifference, "would you—could I—ah, that is—would it be too much trouble to get me a glass of milk?"

An amazed silence fell upon the party at this singular request, and even old Grubbs stopped short in the middle of his longest and most wearisome story.

"Milk!" said the host, forgetting to relight his cigar, and staring at our hero in perplexity.

"Punch," suggested the short-story writer.

"No," said Dick, shaking his head, "just a plain glass of milk, please."

"Certainly, if you want it," said Leighton, "but won't champagne do?"

"Well, you see, the fact is," said Dick, writhing on his chair, "the doctor ordered me after every meal——"

"Oh, of course, if you like," said his host, and the butler brought a large tumbler of milk and placed it solemnly before Dick on the table, during a rather chilly silence. Then they all began talking about something else, and only the short-story writer, who sat opposite, kept looking at Dick quizzically now and then. There was no help for it, he was forced to gulp down at least half the glass, which he did with a very bad grace indeed. Meanwhile, how to get away unobserved?

"Leighton," he said, reaching out to straighten a candle-shade, "did I hear you say that Gladstone had been criticised in the 'Times' for that last speech of his?"

"Yes," said Leighton, quite unsuspicious, "and of all the unwarrantable——"

The Radical M. P. at the other end of the table had something to say on the subject, and the short-story writer wanted to ask questions. The result was, that the men pushed the bottles into the centre of the table, squared their elbows, and generally made ready for warfare, and in ten minutes, as Dick had anticipated, were far too deep in politics to observe his movements. He felt quite proud of his *finesse*, but there was no time for self-rejoicing. With the half-finished glass of milk still in his hand, he rose and wandered over to the window; then to the buffet for a light; then, quite unobserved, out of the door and down the hall to where his overcoat hung.

The kitten was awake and seemed restless. Dick felt that he was just in time. He held it under one arm, and carefully tilted the glass for it until every drop was gone.

"There, old man," he said, as the little thing rubbed its head caressingly against his sleeve, "you feel better, don't you? Have a cigar after your drink?" It amused him to treat his treasure-trove like an acquaintance. The sound of chairs being pushed about in the dining-room struck him with sudden panic. He spilled the kitten hastily into his pocket again, sped back with the empty glass, and put it on the table with the air of a man who has done his whole duty.

"Humph!" said the short-story writer, wheeling suddenly around and surveying him suspiciously, "you're a healthy specimen. Is all your medical regimen on that order, may I ask?"

"No," said Dick, with superb simplicity; "only a man must look after his health, you know, and I'm not in condition at all, really."

"You look it," said the short-story writer, sarcastically. "I saw you at the club yesterday, boxing, and the amount of weakness you displayed there alarmed me; it really did. Milk, indeed! Nervous prostration, complicated with heart-disease, is about your case, I fancy."

"I hope it's not as bad as all that," replied Dick with the calmness of innocence which would have done credit to Mr. Toole himself, "but there's no knowing what it may turn out if I'm not careful."

The short-story writer gave him a sharp look as they passed out of the dining-room together, and then went over and spoke to the French tenor, who had been rather neglected during the political discussion.

Conversation in the drawing-room was not exciting, and Dick grew nervous. Of course the tenor sang, and the pianist played, and the short-story writer told some of the curious things which had fallen to his own or other people's experience; but Dick wanted to talk to Miss Girton, and found this rather harassing. That lady, however, was in her element; and, as when she was not discussing Ibsen with the critic, she was analyzing Wagner motifs with the pianist, or exchanging French compliments with the tenor, he found very little chance to put in his oar. He tried to do his duty; but he eyed her from afar

SHE GAVE HIM HER HAND.

with a heavy heart. He drifted aimlessly about, longing to get away, and yet bound by the irresistible pleasure it gave him merely to look at her.

The drawing-room was heated by a large wood fire, and it soon became unpleasantly warm; so the people wandered out by twos and threes, some into the music-room, a few into the cool, softly-lighted hall. Miss Girton was one of these, and Dick as a matter of course joined the group of men gathered around her, and hazarded a remark now and then when they gave him a chance. How lovely she looked, he

thought, as she stood there, tall and graceful in her fawn-colored satin draperies, with her bright eyes and quick, animated movements of head and hands. The ribbon of her bouquet had become untied, and she rolled it in her fingers, and trailed it to and fro over the shining wood floor as she talked.

"It isn't so much the humanity of Ibsen," she was saying, "it's his perception of our higher being, I think, which gives him so much power over things purely ideal."

Dick wondered, with a sickening sensation of ignorance, what was "a perception of our higher being." Suddenly a thrill of apprehension seized him. There was a stir among the overcoats in a dark corner of the hall, and, as he gazed anxiously in that direction, two bright spots met his eyes—two sparks of topaz fire, fixed intently on the floor. Oh, that fascinating blue ribbon! How it curved and trailed about! What kitten, even the most staid, could have resisted the temptation?

Dick saw the danger at once. He made a sudden plunge and picked it up off the floor.

"Your ribbon is untied," he said, offering it to Miss Girton with nervous politeness.

"Thank you," she said, in some surprise. She let it dangle from her hand for a minute, and then shook it out in a long curved line on the dark wood. It was too much. No mortal kitten could withstand *that*.

There was a bound and a rush and the scamper of four soft little paws, and Dick's unfortunate waif lay on its back under Miss Girton's very feet, kicking and clawing at the ribbon in an ecstasy of playful excitement.

"Good gracious!" exclaimed Miss Girton, stepping back. "Where did that come from?"

"It's a cat, by Jove!" said somebody. Then Dick, feeling cold and weak all over, made a step forward.

"It's mine; I picked it up," he said distinctly. "It was so cold and wet, you know——"

"Did you find it?"—"Was it here all the time?"—"Where did it come from?" cried everybody, crowding around; while the kitten made short charges at the ribbon, batted at it with its paws, and kicked at it frantically with its hind legs.

Dick told the whole story with a sinking heart. What would she think of him? What would she say? She did not say anything, but nearly everybody else did. The pianist told a long story about his cat in Leipsic, and the short-story writer clapped Dick on the shoulders. "Come, Eaton, now confess," he cried, laughing; "I spotted something from the first. That milk——?"

"Yes," said Dick, scarlet, but sturdy, "it was for the kitten."

There was a roar of laughter from the men, and then the joke had to be explained to the ladies, and Dick had to tell again how he had managed it.

"And why you did not produce the beast right away," said Leighton, "I cannot understand exactly. By the way," he added, "there's a smart fox-terrier of mine upstairs. Let's introduce them and have some fun."

Dick made a dash for his *protégé*, who, by this time, had gotten the ribbon mixed up with its own tail and was trying to swallow both, and caught it up.

"No, you don't," he said, holding the furry little head against his chin caressingly. "This little beast's had quite enough of that sort of thing, I fancy. I'm going to take it home and make it comfortable. You don't mind living with me, old man?"—this to the kitten. "We'll be pretty good chums so long as you don't smoke bad tobacco."

He got on his overcoat and said good-by to his hostess amid a fire of good-natured chaff. Then he looked round for Miss Girton. She was standing alone by the fire-place, twisting the fatal ribbon absently in her fingers, and her face wore a curious expression. Dick, with his prize still cuddled up in his arms, came over to her.

"All that for a kitten?" she said, somewhat irrelevantly. "Why was it?"

"Oh, well, it liked me," said Dick, simply, "and it was so beastly wet, you know."

She gave him her hand with a sudden dazzling smile.

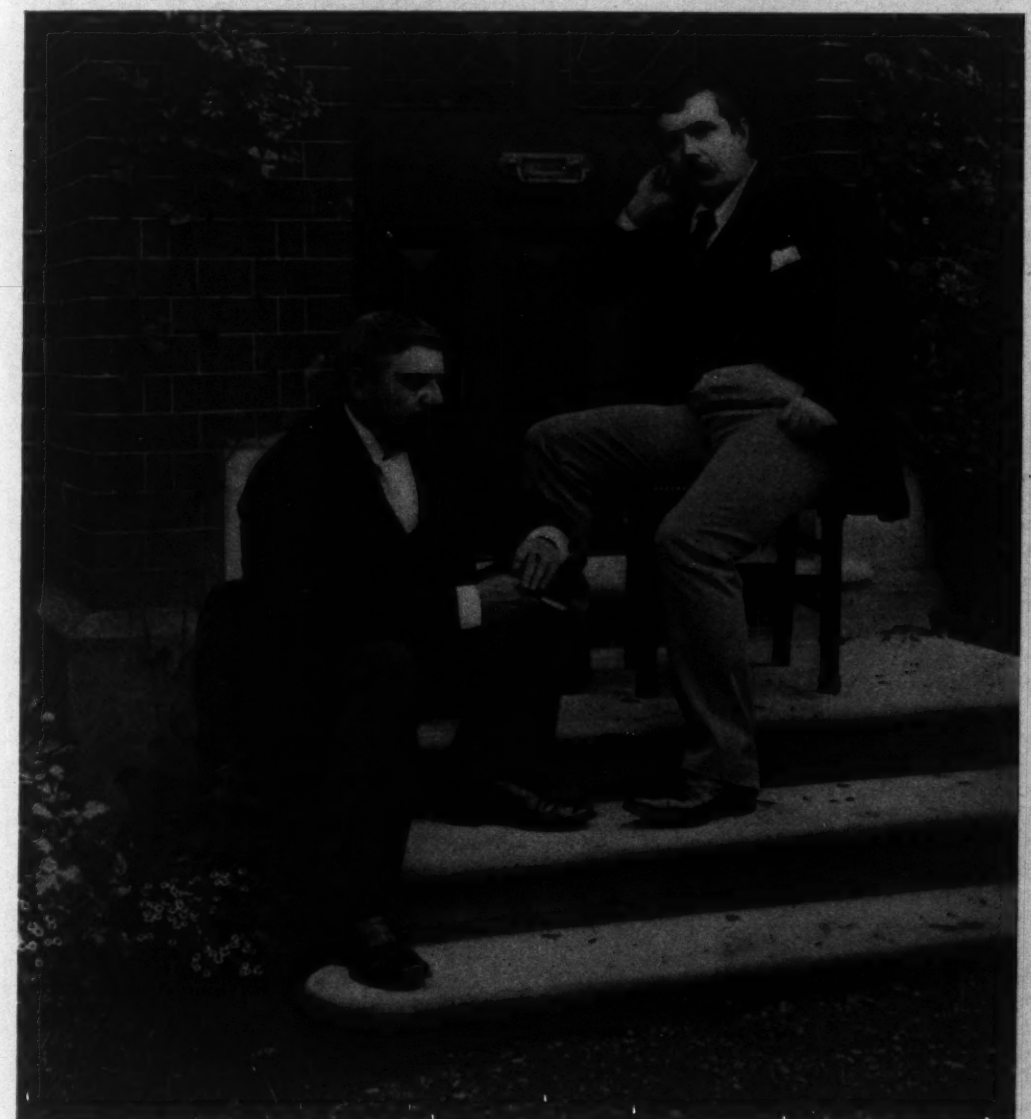
"Won't you come and see me to-morrow?" she said. "I shall be quite alone all the afternoon, and I do so want to hear about—about the kitten."

REAL CONVERSATIONS.—V.

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN CONAN DOYLE AND ROBERT BARR.

RECORDED BY MR. BARR.

IN the very beginning I wish to set down the fact that I am not a professional interviewer, but that I have some acquaintance with the principles of the art. The observant reader will notice that I understand the business, because I have managed to run in five capital "I's" in the first few lines of this article. There you have the whole secret of interviewing as practiced A.D. 1894, in England. The successful interviewer blazons forth as much of his own personality as possible, using his vic-



BARR AND DOYLE AT DR. DOYLE'S HOUSE, SOUTH NORWOOD. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY FRADELLI & YOUNG, 246 REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.

tim as a peg on which to hang his own opinions. If the interviewer could be induced to hang himself as well as his opinions, the world would be brighter and better. I loathe the English pompous interview.

But the interview in England is an imported article; it is not native to the soil. In America you get the real thing, and even the youngest newspaper man understands how it should be done. An interviewer should be like a clear sheet of plate glass that forms the front window of an attractive store, through which you can see the articles displayed, scarcely suspecting that anything stands between you and the interesting collection.

Yet some people are never satisfied, and there arose a man in the United States who resolved to invent a new kind of interview. His name is S. S. McClure, and he is the owner and editor of this Magazine. I hope I may be allowed to praise or abuse a man in his own magazine, and I hereby give him warning that if he cuts out or changes a line of my copy I will never write another word for him. He may disclaim what I say in any other portion of this periodical, if he likes, but I alone am responsible for this section. He would have no hesitation in asking Gabriel to write him an article on the latest thing in trumpets, and the remarkable thing is, he would actually get the manuscript.

So one day S. S. McClure invented what he thought was a new style of interview, which he patented under the title of "Real Conversations." The almanac of the future, which sprinkles choice bits of information among weather predictions and signs of the zodiac, will have this line: "April 14, 1893—Real Conversations invented by S. S. McClure."

Yet the idea was not new; we all have practiced it as boys. We got two dogs together who held different opinions on social matters, and urged them to discuss the question, while we stood by and enjoyed the argument. This is what McClure now does with two writers, and the weapon in the Real Conversation, as in the dog-fight, is the jaw.

The only fault that I have to find with these Real Conversations is that they are not conversations, and that they cannot be real. Try to imagine two sane men sitting down deliberately to talk for publication! Only a master mind could have conceived such a situation—a mind like that of Mr. McClure, accustomed to accomplishing the impossible. Now, if he were to station a shorthand reporter behind a screen, as Louis XI. placed Quentin Durward when the king interviewed the Count of Crevecœur, he might perhaps get a Real Conversation, but otherwise I don't see how it is to be done.

To show the practical difficulties that meet a Real Conversationalist at the very beginning, I pulled out my note-book and pencil, and, looking across at my victim, solemnly said:

"Now, Conan Doyle, talk."

Instead of complying with my most reasonable request, the novelist threw back his head and laughed, and, impressed as I was with the momentousness of the occasion, so hearty and infectious is his laugh that after a few moments I was compelled to join him.

We had looted two comfortable wicker chairs from the house, and were seated at the farther end of the long lawn that stretches from the Doyle residence towards the city of London. It is one of those smooth, exceedingly green, velvety lawns to be found only in England, yet easy of manufacture there; for, as the Oxford gardener said to the American visitor, all you have to do is to leave the lawn outdoors for five hundred years or so, cutting and rolling it frequently, and there you are. Little, white, hard rubber golf balls lay about on the grass, like croquet balls that had shrunk from exposure to the weather. Mr. Doyle is a golf inebriate, and practices on this lawn, landing the balls in a tub when he makes the right sort of a hit, and generally breaking a window when he doesn't.

I put away my note-book and pencil.

"I have a proposal to make," I said. "You and I have frequently set the world right, and solved all the problems, with no magazine editor to make us afraid. We have talked in your garden and in mine, at your hospitable board and at mine, at your club and at mine, on your golf ground and —yes, I remember now, I haven't one of my own; now I know your views on things pretty well, so I will 'fake' a Real Conversation, as we say in the States."

"But that wouldn't be quite fair to McClure's readers, would it?" objected Doyle, who is an honest man and has never had the advantage of a newspaper training. "I read all of those Real Conversations in the magazine, and I thought them most interesting. The idea seems to me a good one."

"Now that ought to show you how easy it will be for me to make up a Real Conversation with you. Your opinion and mine

are always the opposite of each other. All I would have to do would be to remember what I thought on any subject, then write something entirely different, and I would have Conan Doyle. That proves to me the hollowness of the other interviews McClure has published. Howells agreed with Boyesen, Hamlin Garland agreed with James Whitcomb Riley, and so on all along the line. This isn't natural. No literary man ever agrees with any other literary man. He sometimes pretends to like the books another fellow has written, but that is all humbug. He doesn't in his heart; he knows he could have done them better himself."

A CORNER OF DR. DOYLE'S DRAWING ROOM. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ELLIOTT & FRY, BAKER STREET, LONDON, W.

"Oh, you're all wrong there; all wrong—entirely wrong! Now, if I had to choose my critics, I would choose my fellow-workers, or schoolboys."

"Just what I said. You are placing the other authors on a level with schoolboys! That is worse than——"

Doyle. Listen to me. A fellow-author knows the difficulties I have to contend with; he appreciates the effect I am trying to attain; his criticism, even if severe, would be helpful and intelligent. A schoolboy, on the other hand, seems to give his verdict on a book by intuition, but he rarely makes a mistake. See how the schoolboys of the world have made "Treasure Island" their own. Of course, I would not expect an accurate estimate of "Robert Elsmere" from a schoolboy.

Barr. I suppose an author would hardly like to slate another author's work—publicly. Besides, he would be compelled, as a matter of self-protection, to keep up the pretence that there is such a thing as literature in England at the present moment. But there is Mr. Howells, who has no English axe to grind, and he, from the calm, serene, unprejudiced atmosphere of New York, frankly admits that literature in England is a thing of the past, and that the authors of to-day do not understand even the rudiments of their business. Of course you agree with him?

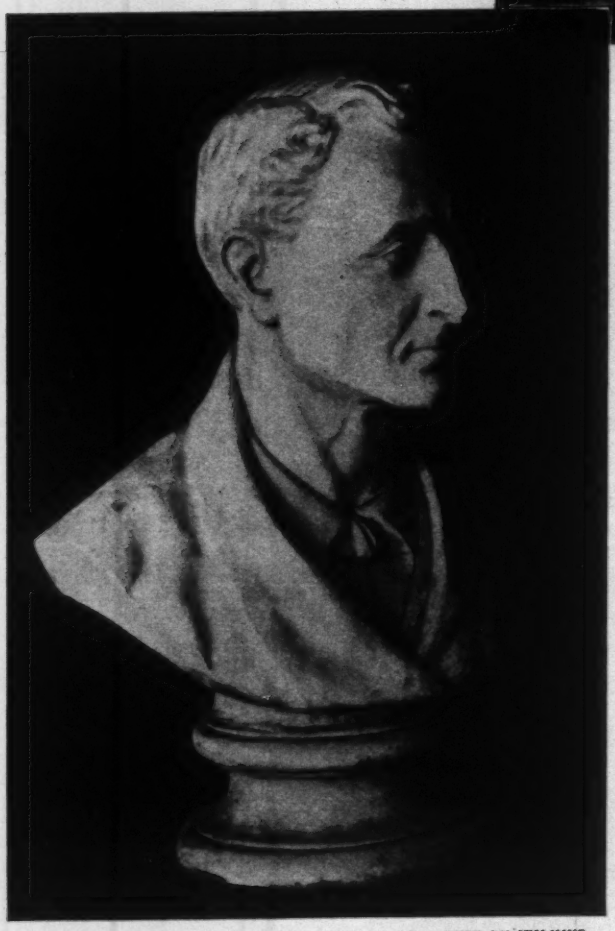
Doyle. I think there never was a time when there was a better promise. There are at least a dozen men and women who

have made a deep mark, and who are still young. No one can say how far they may go. Some of them are sure to develop, for the past shows us that fiction is an art which improves up to the age of fifty or so. With fuller knowledge of life comes greater power in describing it.

Barr. A dozen! You always were a generous man, Doyle. Who are the talented twelve, so that I may cable to Howells?

Doyle. There are more than a dozen —Barrie, Kipling, Mrs. Olive Schreiner, Sarah Grand, Miss Harraden, Gilbert Parker, Quiller-Couch, Hall Caine, Stevenson, Stanley Weyman, Anthony Hope, Crockett, Rider Haggard, Jerome, Zangwill, Clark Russell, George Moore—many of them under thirty and few of them much over it. There are others, of course. These names just happen to occur to me.

DR. JOSEPH BELL, THE ORIGINAL OF SHERLOCK HOLMES. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY A. SWAN WATSON, EDINBURGH.



SHERLOCK HOLMES. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH OF A BUST BY WILKINS.

Barr. You think a man improves up to fifty?

Doyle. Certainly, if he keeps out of a groove and refuses to do his work in a mechanical way. Why, many of the greatest writers in our fiction did not begin until after forty. Thackeray was about forty. Scott was past forty. Charles Reade and George Eliot were as much. Richardson was fifty. To draw life, one must know it.

Barr. My experience is that when a man is fifty he knows he will improve until he is sixty, and when he is sixty he feels that improvement will keep right on until he is seventy; whereas, when he is twenty he *thinks* that perhaps he will know more when he is thirty, but is not sure. Man is an amusing animal. Now I would like an American dozen, if you don't mind.

Doyle. I have not read a book for a long time that has stirred me as much as Miss Wilkins's "Pembroke." I think she is a very great writer. It is always

risky to call a recent book a classic, but this one really seems to me to have every characteristic of one.

Barr. Well?

Doyle. Well!

Barr. That is only one. Don't you read American fiction?

Doyle. Not as much as I should wish, but what I have read has, I hope, been fairly representative. I know Cable's work and Eugene Field's and Hamlin Garland's and Edgar Fawcett's and Richard Harding Davis's. I think Harold Frederic's "In the Valley" is one of the best of recent historical romances. The danger for American fiction is, I think, that it should run in many brooks instead of one broad stream. There is a tendency to overaccentuate local peculiarities; differences, after all, are very superficial things, and good old human nature is always there under a coat of varnish. When one hears of a literature of the West or of the South, it sounds aggressively sectional.

Barr. Sectional? If it comes to that, who could be more sectional than Hardy or Barrie—the one giving us the literature of a county and the other of a village? You know that a person in a neighboring village said of Barrie, that he was "no sae bad fur a Kerrimuer man." When you speak of a section in America, you must not forget it may be a bit of land as big as France.

Doyle. Barrie and Hardy have gained success by showing how the Scotch or Wessex peasant shares our common human nature, not by accentuating the points in which they differ from us.

DR. DOYLE IN HIS STUDY. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY FRADELLI & YOUNG, 246 REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.

DR. DOYLE'S ICELAND FALCON.

Barr. Well, I think Howells is demolished. What do you think of him and of James?

Doyle. James, I think, has had a great and permanent influence upon fiction. His beautiful clear-cut style and his artistic restraint must affect every one who reads him. I'm sure his "Portrait of a Lady" was an education to me, though one has not always the wit to profit by one's education.

Barr. Yes; James is a writer of whom you English people ought to be proud. I wish we had an American like him. Still, thank goodness, we have our William Dean Howells. I love Howells so much that I feel sure you must have something to say against him; what is it?

Doyle. I admire his honest, earnest work, but I do not admire his attitude towards all writers and critics who happen to differ from his school. One can like Valdes and Bourget and Miss Austen without throwing stones at Scott and Thackeray and Dickens. There is plenty of room for all.

Barr. But there is the question of art.

Doyle. We talk so much about art, that we tend to forget what this art was ever invented for. It was to amuse mankind—to help the sick and the dull and the weary. If Scott and Dickens have done this for millions, they have done well by their art.

Barr. You don't think, then, that the object of all fiction is to draw life as it is?

Doyle. Where would Gulliver and Don Quixote and Dante and Goethe be, if that were so? No; the object of fiction is to interest, and the best fiction is that which interests most. If you can interest by drawing life as it is, by all means do so. But there is no reason why you should object to your neighbor using other means.

Barr. You do not approve of the theological novel then?

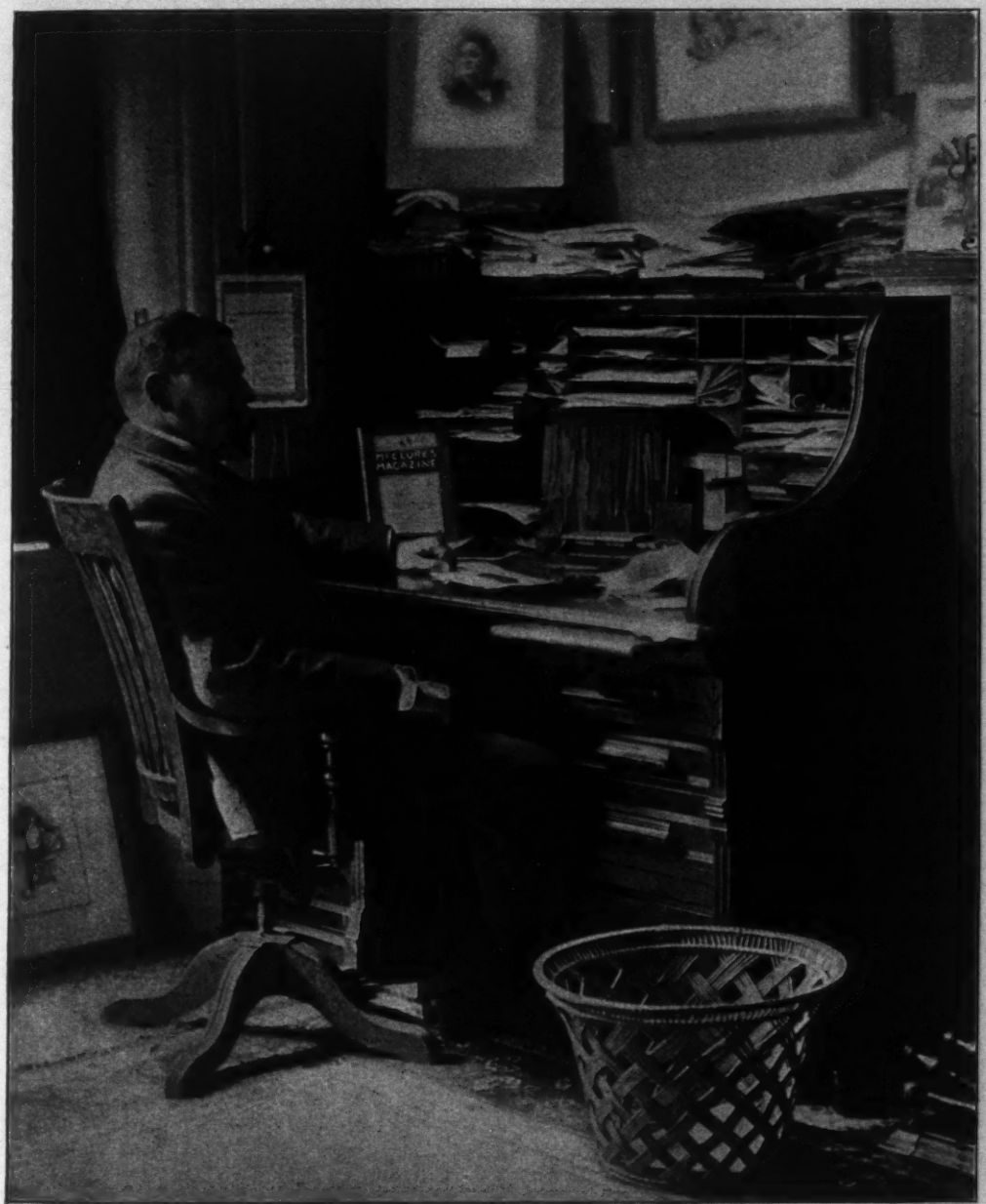
Doyle. Oh yes, I do, if it is made interesting. I think the age of fiction is coming—the age when religious and social and political changes will all be effected by means of the novelist. Look, within recent years, how much has been done by such books as "Looking Backward" or "Robert Elsmere." Everybody is educated now, but comparatively few are very educated. To get an idea to penetrate to the masses of the people, you must put fiction round it, like sugar round a pill. No statesman and no ecclesiastic will have the influence on public opinion which the novelist of the future will have. If he has strong convictions, he will have wonderful facilities for impressing them on others. Still his first business will always be to interest. If he can't get his sugar right, people will refuse his pill.

At this point nature revolted. She thought the subject too dry, and she proceeded to wet it down. A black thundercloud came up over the Crystal Palace, and the first thing we knew the shower was upon us. Both of us, luckily, knew enough to come in out of the rain. Two men hastily grasped two wicker chairs and bolted for the house, leaving litera-

ture to take care of itself in the back garden.

Conan Doyle's study, workshop, and smoking-room is a nice place in a downpour, and I can recommend the novelist's brand of cigarettes. Show me the room in which a man works, and I'll show you —how to smoke his cigarettes. The workbench stands in the corner—one of those flat-topped desks so prevalent in England. The English author does not seem to take kindly to the haughty, roller-top American desk, covered with transparent varnish and twenty-three patents.

There is a bookcase, filled with solid historical volumes for the most part. The most remarkable feature of the room is a series of water-color drawings done by Conan Doyle's father. The Doyle family has always been a family of artists, and the celebrated cover of "Punch" is, as everybody knows, the work of Dicky Doyle.



ROBERT BARR AT HIS DESK IN THE "IDLER" OFFICE. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY FRADELLI & YOUNG, 246 REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.

The drawings by Mr. Doyle's father are most weird and imaginative, being in art something like what Edgar Allan Poe's stories are in fiction.

There are harpoons on the wall, for Doyle has been a whale fisher in his time, and has the skull of a polar bear and the stuffed body of an Iceland falcon to show that his aim was accurate. There are but two other Iceland falcons in England. The novelist came nearer to the North Pole than New York is to Chicago, and it has always struck me as strange that he did not take a sleeping-car and go through to the Pole and spend a night there. But he was young then and let opportunities slip. He spent his twenty-first birthday within the Arctic Circle.

Here are three stories of his Arctic experiences. You see, I am going to sugar-coat the Real Conversation.

The whaler sailed from Peterhead, and the crew were Scotsmen with one exception. Doyle was supposed to be the surgeon of the craft. He brought two pairs of boxing-gloves with him, and one of the men, who was handy with his fists, was ambitious to have a bout. Doyle accommodated him. The man was strong, but had no science. Finding himself hard pressed, Doyle struck out, and the cabin table being fastened to the floor with no give to it, the sailor, when he struck it after the blow, found his feet in the air and his head on the floor behind the table.

The man was heard afterwards to say to a companion in tones of great admiration:

"Man! McAlpine, yon's the best surgeon we've ever had. He knocked me clean ower th' table an' blacked ma e'e."

Few men have had such a compliment paid to their medical qualifications.

The man who was not a Scotsman was a gloomy, taciturn person, popularly supposed to be a fugitive from justice, and held in deep respect on that account. He went on the principle that deeds speak louder than words. On one occasion the cook took the liberty of being drunk for three days. On the third day the murderer thought this had gone far, just far, enough. The cooking was something awful. He rose without a word, seized a long-handled saucepan and brought it down on the cook's head. The bottom of the pan broke like glass, and the iron rim remained around the astonished cook's neck like a collar. The man, still without a word, walked gloomily to his seat. There was no more bad cooking on that voyage.

They used to throw an ice-anchor on a berg when they lay for some hours beside an ice-field, and then was the time to take a rise out of the innocent polar bear, who is not accustomed to the Peterhead brand of humor. They would put all the grease, bones, and galley refuse into the furnace, and the scent of the burning spread along the Arctic Circle for miles. In a few hours all the bears between there and the Pole would come trooping along with noses high in the air, wondering where the banquet was. When they read the signal, "April Fool," flagged from the mast-head, the bears grunted and trudged off home again.

Conan Doyle is not a man who goes to extremes, but it seems to me that he did in the matter of his voyaging. He came home from the Arctic Circle, took his degree at Edinburgh, and at once shipped for the west African coast.

Here is a tragedy of the sea which occurred when Doyle was a boy. He read an account of it at the time, and it made a powerful impression on his young mind. An American ship called the "Marie Celeste" was found abandoned off the west coast. Nothing on her was disturbed, and there were no signs of a struggle. Her cargo was untouched, and there was no evidence that she had come through a storm. On the cabin table was screwed a sewing machine, and on the arm of the sewing machine was a spool of silk thread, which would have fallen off if there had been any motion of the vessel. She was loaded with clocks, and her papers showed that she left Baltimore for Lisbon. She was taken to Gibraltar, but from that day to this no one knows what became of the captain and crew of the "Marie Celeste."

This mystery of the sea set the future Sherlock Holmes at work trying to find a solution for it. There was no clew to go on, except an old Spanish sword found in the forecastle, which showed signs of having been recently cleaned. Doyle's solution of the problem appeared in the form of a story for the "Cornhill Magazine," entitled, "J. Habbakuk Jephson's Statement." Jephson was supposed to be an American doctor who had taken passage on the ship for his health. Shortly after the story appeared, the following telegram was printed in all the London papers:

"Solly Flood, Her Majesty's advocate-general at Gibraltar, telegraphs that the statement of J. Habbakuk Jephson is nothing less than a fabrication."

Which indeed it was; but the telegram was a compliment to the realism of the story, to say the least.

On the bookcase in the study there stands a bust of a man with a keen, shrewd face.

"Who is the statesman?" I asked.

"Oh, that is Sherlock Holmes," said Doyle. "A young sculptor named Wilkins, from Birmingham, sent it to me. Isn't it good?"

"Excellent. By the way, is Sherlock Holmes really dead?"

"Doyle, I have known you now for seven years, and I know you thoroughly. I am going to say something to you that you will remember in after life. Doyle, you will never come to any good!"

The making of an historical novel involves much hard reading. The results of this hard reading, Doyle sets down in a note-book. Sometimes all he gets out of several volumes is represented by a couple

Robert Barr. Miss Doyle. Conan Doyle. Mrs. Doyle. Robert McClure.

A GROUP IN DR. DOYLE'S GARDEN.

"Yes; I shall never write another Holmes story."

Dr. Conan Doyle is a methodical worker, and a hard worker. He pastes up over his mantel-shelf a list of the things he intends to do in the coming six months, and he sticks to his task until it is done. He must be a great disappointment to his old teacher. When he had finished school the teacher called the boy up before him and said solemnly:

of pages in this book. In turning over the most recent pages I saw much about Napoleon, and I knew that some marvellously good short stories which Doyle has recently written, are set in the stormy period of Napoleon's time.*

"I suppose you are an admirer of that unscrupulous ruffian?" I said gently.

"He was a wonderful man—perhaps the

*One of these stories will appear in the December number of this Magazine.

CONAN DOYLE AT 4 YEARS OF AGE.

CONAN DOYLE AT 14.

CONAN DOYLE AT 22.

CONAN DOYLE AT 28.

most wonderful man who ever lived. What strikes me is the lack of finality in his character. When you make up your mind that he is a complete villain, you come on some noble trait, and then your admiration of this is lost in some act of incredible meanness. But just think of it! Here was a young fellow of thirty, a man who had had no social advantages and but slight educational training, a member of a poverty-stricken family, entering a room with a troop of kings at his heels, and all the rest of them jealous if he spoke a moment longer to one than to the others. Then, there must have been a great personal charm about the man, for some of those intimate with him loved him. His secretary, Méneval, writes of him with almost doting affection."

"Yes; and then a dealer in fiction must bow down to Napoleon as the most accomplished liar that ever lived."

"Oh, no one could ever compete with him in that line. If he intended to invade Africa, he would give out that he was going to Russia; then he would tell his intimates in strict confidence that Germany was the spot he had his eye on; and finally he would whisper in the ear of his most confidential secretary that Spain was the point of attack. He was certainly an amazing and talented liar."

"Do you think his power in this direction was the secret of his success, and is lying a virtue you would advise us all to cultivate?"

"The secret of his success seems to me to have been his ability to originate gigantic schemes that seemed fantastic and impossible, while his mastery of detail enabled him to bring his projects to completion where any other man would have failed."

At the time this appears in print, Dr. Conan Doyle will be in America. He goes there ostensibly to deliver the series of lectures that has been so successful in England, but the real object of his visit is to see the country. This is a laudable ambition, and I hope the United States and Conan Doyle will mutually like each other.

DE PROFUNDIS.

By A. Conan Doyle.

As long as the oceans are the ligaments which bind together the great broadcast British Empire, so long there will be a dash of romance in our slow old Frisian minds. For the soul is swayed by the waters, as the waters are by the moon, and when the great highways of an Empire are along such roads as those, so full of strange sights and sounds, with danger ever running like a hedge on either side of the course, it is a dull mind indeed which does not bear away with it some trace of such a passage. And now, Britain lies far beyond herself, for in truth the three-mile limit of every seaboard is her frontier, which has been won by hammer and loom and pick, rather than by arts of war. For it is written in history that neither a king in his might, nor an army with banners, can bar the path to the man who, having two-pence in his strong box, and knowing well where he can turn it to three-pence, sets his mind to that one end. And as the Empire has broadened, the mind of Britain has broadened too, spreading out into free speech, free press, free trade, until all men can see that the ways of the island are continental, even as those of the continent are insular.

But for this a price must be paid, and the price is a grievous one. As the beast of old must have one young human life as a tribute every year, so to our Empire we throw from day to day the pick and flower of our youth. The engine is world-wide and strong, but the only fuel that will drive it is the lives of British men. Thus it is that in the gray old cathedrals, as we look round upon the brasses on the walls, we see strange names, such names as they who reared those walls had never heard, for it is in Peshawur, and Umballah, and Korti, and Fort Pearson that the youngsters die, leaving only a precedent and a brass behind them. But if every man had his obelisk even where he lay, then no frontier line need be drawn, for a cordon of British graves would ever show how high the Anglo-Saxon tide had lapped.

And this, too, as well as the waters which separate us from France, and join us to the world, has done something to tinge us with romance. For, when so many have their

loved ones over the seas, walking amid hillman's bullets, or swamp malaria, where death is sudden and distance great, then mind communes with mind, and strange stories arise of dream, presentiment or vision, where the mother sees her dying son, and is past the first bitterness of her grief ere the message comes which should have broke the news. The learned have of late looked into the matter, and have even labelled it with a name, but what can we know more of it save that a poor stricken soul, when hard-pressed and driven, can shoot across the earth some ten-thousand-mile-long picture of its trouble to the mind which is most akin to it? Far be it from me to say that there lies no such power within us, for of all things which the brain will grasp the last will be itself; but yet it is well to be very cautious over such matters, for once at least I have known that which was within the laws of nature to seem to be far upon the further side of them.

John Vansittart was the younger partner of the firm of Hudson and Vansittart, coffee exporters of the Island of Ceylon, three-quarters Dutchman by descent, but wholly English in his sympathies. For years I had been his agent in London, and when in '72 he came over to England for a three months' holiday, he turned to me for the introductions which would enable him to see something of town and country life. Armed with seven letters he left my offices, and for many weeks scrappy notes from different parts of the country let me know that he had found favor in the eyes of my friends. Then came word of his engagement to Emily Lawson, of a cadet branch of the Hereford Lawsons, and at the very tail of the first flying rumor the news of his absolute marriage, for the wooing of a wanderer must be short, and the days were already crowding on towards the date when he must be upon his homeward journey. They were to return together to Colombo in one of the firm's own thousand-ton bark-rigged sailing ships, and this was to be their princely honeymoon, at once a necessity and a delight.

Those were the royal days of coffee planting in Ceylon, before a single season and a rotting fungus drove a whole community through years of despair to one of the greatest commercial victories which pluck and ingenuity ever won. Not often is it that men have the heart, when their one great industry is withered, to rear up in a few years another as rich, to take its place, and the tea-fields of Ceylon are as true a monument to courage as is the lion at Waterloo. But in '72 there was no cloud yet above the sky line, and the hopes of the planters were as high and as bright as the hill-sides on which they reared their crops. Vansittart came down to London with his young and beautiful wife. I was introduced, dined with them, and it was finally arranged that I, since business called me also to Ceylon, should be a fellow-passenger with them on the "Eastern Star," which was timed to sail upon the following Monday.

It was on the Sunday evening that I saw him again. He was shown up into my rooms about nine o'clock at night, with the air of a man who is bothered and out of sorts. His hand, as I shook it, was hot and dry.

"I wish, Atkinson," he said, "that you could give me a little lime juice and water. I have a beastly thirst upon me, and the more I take, the more I seem to want."

I rang and ordered in a caraffe and glasses. "You are flushed," said I. "You don't look the thing."

"No, I'm clean off color. Got a touch of rheumatism in my back, and don't seem to taste my food. It is this vile London that is choking me. I'm not used to breathing air which has been used up by four million lungs all sucking away on every side of you." He flapped his crooked hands before his face, like a man who really struggles for his breath.

"A touch of the sea will soon set you right."

"Yes, I'm of one mind with you there. That's the thing for me. I want no other doctor. If I don't get to sea to-morrow I'll have an illness. There are no two ways about it." He drank off a tumbler of lime juice, and clapped his two hands with his knuckles doubled up into the small of his back.

"That seems to ease me," said he, looking at me with a filmy eye. "Now I want your help, Atkinson, for I am rather awkwardly placed."

"As how?"

"This way. My wife's mother got ill and wired for her. I couldn't go—you know best yourself how tied I have been—so she had to go alone. Now I've had another wire to say that she can't come to-morrow, but that she will pick up the ship at Falmouth on Wednesday. We put in there, you know, and in, and in, though I count it hard, Atkinson, that a man should be asked to believe in a mystery, and cursed if he can't do it. Cursed, mind you, no less." He leaned forward and began to

draw a catchy breath like a man who is poised on the very edge of a sob.

Then first it came into my mind that I had heard much of the hard drinking life of the island, and that from brandy came these wild words and fevered hands. The flushed cheek and the glazing eye were those of one whose drink is strong upon him. Sad it was to see so noble a young man in the grip of that most bestial of all the devils.

"You should lie down," I said, with some severity.

He screwed up his eyes, like a man who is striving to wake himself, and looked up with an air of surprise.

"So I shall presently," said he, quite rationally. "I felt quite swimmy just now, but I am my own man again now. Let me see, what was I talking about? Oh, ah, of course, about the wife. She joins the ship at Falmouth. Now I want to go round by water. I believe my health depends upon it. I just want a little clean first-hand air to set me on my feet again. Now I want you, like a good fellow, to go to Falmouth by rail, so that in case we should be late, you may be there to look after the wife. Put up at the Royal Hotel, and I will wire her that you are there. Her sister will bring her down, so that it will be all plain sailing."

HER GAZE . . FIXED UPON THAT WALL OF GRAY HAZE.

"I'll do it with pleasure," said I. "In fact, I should rather go by rail, for we shall have enough and to spare of the sea before we reach Colombo. I believe, too, that you badly need a change. Now, I should go and turn in, if I were you."

"Yes, I will. I sleep aboard to-night. You know," he continued, as the film settled down again over his eyes, "I've not slept well the last few nights. I've been troubled with theololog—that is to say, theological—hang it," with a desperate effort, "with the doubts of theologicians. Wondering why the Almighty made us, you know, and why He made our heads swimmy, and fixed little pains into the small of our backs. Maybe I'll do better to-night." He rose, and steadied himself with an effort against the corner of the chair back.

"Look here, Vansittart," said I, gravely, stepping up to him, and laying my hand upon his sleeve, "I can give you a shakedown here. You are not fit to go out. You are all over the place. You've been mixing your drinks."

"Drinks!" he stared at me stupidly.

"You used to carry your liquor better than this."

"I give you my word, Atkinson, that I have not had a dram for two days. It's not drink. I don't know what it is. I suppose you think this is drink." He took up my hand in his burning grasp, and passed it over his own forehead.

"Great Lord!" said I.

His skin felt like a thin sheet of velvet beneath which lies a close-packed layer of small shot. It was smooth to the touch at any one place, but, to a finger passed along it, rough as a nutmeg grater.

"It's all right," said he, smiling at my startled face. "I've had the prickly heat nearly as bad."

"But this is never prickly heat."

"No, it's London. It's breathing bad air. But to-morrow it'll be all right. There's a surgeon aboard, so I shall be in safe hands. I must be off now."

"Not you," said I, pushing him back into a chair. "This is past a joke. You don't move from here until a doctor sees you. Just stay where you are." I caught

up my hat, and rushing round to the house of a neighboring physician, I brought him back with me. The room was empty and Vansittart gone. I rang the bell. The servant said that the gentleman had ordered a cab the instant that I had left, and had gone off in it. He had told the cabman to drive to the docks.

"Did the gentleman seem ill?" I asked.

"Ill!" The man smiled. "No, sir; he was singin' his 'ardest all the time."

The information was not as reassuring as my servant seemed to think, but I reflected that he was going straight back to the "Eastern Star," and that there was a doctor aboard of her, so that there was nothing which I could do in the matter. None the less, when I thought of his thirst, his burning hands, his heavy eye, his tripping speech, and lastly, of that leprous forehead, I carried with me to bed an unpleasant memory of my visitor and his visit.

At eleven o'clock next day I was at the docks, but the "Eastern Star" had already moved down the river, and was nearly at Gravesend. To Gravesend I went by train, but only to see her topmasts far off, with a plume of smoke from a tug in front of her. I would hear no more of my friend until I rejoined him at Falmouth. When I got back to my offices a telegram was waiting for me from Mrs. Vansittart, asking me to meet her, and next evening found us both at the Royal Hotel, Falmouth, where we were to wait for the "Eastern Star." Ten days passed, and there came no news of her.

They were ten days which I am not likely to forget. On the very day that the "Eastern Star" had cleared from the Thames, a furious easterly gale had sprung up, and blew on from day to day for the greater part of a week without the sign of a lull. Such a screaming, raving, long-drawn storm has never been known on the southerly coast. From our hotel windows the sea view was all banked in with haze, with a little rain-swept half circle under our very eyes, churned and lashed into one tossing stretch of foam. So heavy was the wind upon the waves that little sea could rise, for the crest of each billow was torn shrieking from it, and lashed broadcast over the bay. Clouds, wind, sea, all were rushing to the west, and there, looking down at this mad jumble of elements, I waited on day after day, my sole companion a white, silent woman, with terror in her eyes, her forehead pressed ever against the bar of the window, her gaze from early morning to the fall of night fixed upon that wall of gray haze, through which the loom of a vessel might come. She said nothing, but that face of hers was one long wail of fear.

On the fifth day I took counsel with an old seaman. I should have preferred to have done so alone, but she saw me speak with him, and was at our side in an instant, with parted lips and a prayer in her eyes.

"Seven days out from London," said he, "and five in the gale. Well, the Channel's swept as clear as clear by this wind. There's three things for it. She may have popped into port on the French side. That's like enough."

"No, no, he knew we were here. He would have telegraphed."

"Ah, yes, so he would. Well, then, he might have run for it, and if he did that he won't be very far from Madeira by now. That'll be it, marm, you may depend."

"Or else? You said there was a third chance."

"Did I, marm? No, only two, I think. I don't think I said anything of a third. Your ship's out there, depend upon it, away out in the Atlantic, and you'll hear of it time enough, for the weather is breaking; now don't you fret, marm, and wait quiet, and you'll find a real blue Cornish sky to-morrow."

The old seaman was right in his surmise, for the next day broke calm and bright, with only a low dwindling cloud in the west to mark the last trailing wreaths of the storm wrack. But still there came no word from the sea, and no sign of the ship. Three more weary days had passed, the weariest that I have ever spent, when there came a seafaring man to the hotel with a letter. I gave a shout of joy. It was from the captain of the "Eastern Star." As I read the first lines of it I whisked my hand over it, but she laid her own upon it and drew it away. "I have seen it," said she, in a cold, quiet voice; "I may as well see the rest, too."

DEAR SIR [said the letter], Mr. Vansittart is down with the small-pox, and we are blown so far on our course that we don't know what to do, he being off his head and unfit to tell us. By dead reckoning we are but three hundred miles from Funchal, so I take it that it is best that we should push on there, get Mr. V. into hospital, and wait in the Bay until you come. There's a sailing ship due from Falmouth to Funchal in a few days' time, as I understand. This goes by the brig "Marian," of Falmouth, and five pounds is due to the master.

Yours respectfully,
JNO. HINES.

She was a wonderful woman that, only a chit of a girl fresh from school, but as quiet

and strong as a man. She said nothing, only pressed her lips together tight, and put on her bonnet.

"You are going out?" I asked.

"Yes."

"Can I be of use?"

"No, I am going to the doctor's."

"To the doctor's?"

"Yes. To learn how to nurse a small-pox case."

She was busy at that all evening, and next morning we were off with a fine ten-knot breeze in the bark "Rose of Sharon" for Madeira. For five days we made good time, and were no great way from the island, but on the sixth there fell a calm, and we lay without motion on a sea of oil, heaving slowly but making not a foot of way.

At ten o'clock that night Emily Vansittart and I stood leaning on the starboard railing of the poop, with a full moon shining at our backs, and casting a black shadow of the bark, and of our own two heads, upon the shining water. From the shadow on, a broadening path of moonshine stretched away to the lonely sky line, flickering and shimmering in the gentle heave of the swell. We were talking with bent heads, chatting of the calm, of the chances of wind, of the look of the sky, when there came a sudden plop, like a rising salmon, and there in the clear light John Vansittart sprang out of the water and looked up at us.

I never saw anything clearer in my life than I saw that man. The moon shone full upon him, and he was but three oars' lengths away. His face was more puffed than when I had seen him last, mottled here and there with dark scabs, his mouth and eyes open as one who is struck with some overpowering surprise. He had some white stuff streaming from his shoulders, and one hand was raised to his ear, the other crooked across his breast. I saw him leap from the water into the air, and in the dead calm the waves of his coming lapped up against the sides of the vessel. Then his figure sank back into the water again, and I heard a rending, crackling sound, like a bundle of brushwood snapping in the fire upon a frosty night. There were no signs of him when I looked again, but a swift swirl and eddy on the still sea still marked the spot where he had been. How long I stood there, tingling to my finger-tips, holding up an unconscious woman with one hand, clutching at the rail of the vessel with the other, was more than I could afterwards tell. I had been noted as a man of slow and unresponsive emotions, but this time at least I was shaken to the core. Once and twice I struck my foot upon the deck to be cer-

JOHN VANSITTART SPRANG OUT OF THE WATER AND LOOKED UP AT US.

tain that I was indeed the master of my own senses, and that this was not some mad prank of an unruly brain. As I stood still marvelling, the woman shivered, opened her eyes, gasped, and then standing erect with her hands upon the rail, looked out over the moonlit sea with a face which had aged ten years in a summer night.

"You saw his vision?" she murmured.

"I saw something."

"It was he. It was John. He is dead."

I muttered some lame words of doubt.

"Doubtless he died at this hour," she whispered. "In hospital at Madeira. I have read of such things. His thoughts were with me. His vision came to me. Oh, my John, my dear, dear, lost John!"

She broke out suddenly into a storm of weeping, and I led her down into her cabin, where I left her with her sorrow. That night a brisk breeze blew up from the east, and in the evening of the next day we passed the two islets of Los Desertos, and dropped anchor at sundown in the Bay of Funchal. The "Eastern Star" lay no great distance from us, with the quarantine flag flying from her main, and her Jack half way up her peak.

"You see," said Mrs. Vansittart quickly. She was dry-eyed now, for she had known how it would be.

That night we received permission from the authorities to move on board the "Eastern Star." The captain, Hines, was waiting upon deck with confusion and grief contending upon his bluff face as he sought for words with which to break this heavy tidings, but she took the story from his lips.

"I know that my husband is dead," she said. "He died yesterday night, about ten o'clock, in hospital at Madeira, did he not?"

The seaman stared aghast. "No, marm; he died eight days ago at sea, and we had to bury him out there, for we lay in a belt of calm, and could not say when we might make the land."

Well, those are the main facts about the death of John Vansittart, and his appearance to his wife somewhere about latitude thirty-five degrees north and longitude fifteen degrees west. A clearer case of a wraith has seldom been made out, and since then it has been told as such, and put into print as such, and indorsed by a learned society as such, and so floated off with many others to support the recent theory of telepathy. For myself I hold telepathy to be proved, but I would snatch this one case from amid the evidence, and say that I do not think that it was the wraith of John Vansittart, but John Vansittart himself, whom we saw that night leaping into the moonlight out of the depths of the Atlantic. It has ever been my belief that some strange chance, one of these chances which seem so improbable and yet so constantly occur, had becalmed us over the very spot where the man had been buried a week before. For the rest, the surgeon tells me that the leaden weight was not too firmly fixed, and that seven days bring about changes which are wont to fetch a body to the surface. Coming from the depth which the weight would have sunk it to, he explains that it might well attain such a velocity as to carry it clear of the water. Such is my own explanation of the matter, and if you ask me what then became of the body, I must recall to you that snapping, crackling sound, with the swirl in the water. The shark is a surface feeder, and is plentiful in those parts.

HOW ALLAN PINKERTON THWARTED THE FIRST PLOT TO ASSASSINATE LINCOLN.

STORIES FROM THE ARCHIVES OF THE PINKERTON DETECTIVE AGENCY.

By Cleveland Moffett.

ON the evening of February 21, 1861, Abraham Lincoln, President-elect of the United States, was standing in one of the large parlors of the Continental Hotel at Philadelphia, surrounded by a crush of men and women, including the best people of the city, who had gathered to welcome him on his way to Washington to be inaugurated Chief Magistrate of the nation. The presidential party had arrived in Philadelphia only a few hours before, and had proceeded to the hotel, cheered by an immense multitude that lined the route taken by the carriage. Near the corner of Broad and Chestnut Streets a young man had suddenly forced himself through the line of policemen drawn up on both sides of the way, slipped a piece of paper into the hands of one of the gentlemen in the carriage, and disappeared in the crowd before any one could stop him. The gentleman to whom the paper was given was one of Mr. Lincoln's closest friends, Norman B. Judd, of Chicago, who had accompanied him on his journey to the capital. The paper contained the following words, scrawled in pencil: "St. Louis Hotel. Ask for J. H. Hutchinson."

Mr. Judd did not inform the President of this curious incident; but, leaving Mr. Lincoln at the Continental Hotel the hero of enthusiastic thousands, he drove at once to the St. Louis Hotel, and, on being shown to Mr. Hutchinson's room, found himself in the presence of a heavily-built, black-bearded man of about forty, whose face, once seen, was not to be forgotten.

"Why, Mr. Pinkerton!" exclaimed Mr. Judd, recognizing the detective Allan Pinkerton.

"Mr. Hutchinson, please," said the latter, gravely. "Let me introduce Mr. Felton, president of the Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore Railroad. Now, gentlemen, let us come to business. We cannot afford to waste a moment."

It was plain by the concern shown on the faces of the three men that some very serious matter was under consideration. They passed an hour together in earnest discussion, many papers being produced that seemed to be in the nature of evidence. Finally, a decision was reached, and a carriage having been summoned, the three gentlemen drove rapidly to the Continental Hotel, now surrounded by an excited concourse that completely blocked all ways of entrance except by the servants' door in the rear. Through this, accordingly, they made their way into the hotel, and with difficulty forced a passage through the corridors and up the stairways to Mr. Judd's room. Passing Mr. Nicolay, the President's private secretary, on the way, Mr. Judd whispered some earnest words in his ear, and the latter, with a startled look, hurried to inform Mr. Lincoln that his immediate presence was required upstairs. Leaving the host of friends who packed themselves about him, the President managed with some difficulty to effect a passage through the cheering crowd, and at last found himself in the room to which he had been summoned. Having greeted the gentlemen in his usual friendly manner, Mr. Lincoln seated himself and awaited an explanation.

Mr. Judd spoke first, saying that he did not feel it necessary to apologize for the interruption, as they were acting in a matter of life and death.

"Mr. President," he said, "our friend Allan Pinkerton has a statement to make to you that we regard of the most vital importance."

"I have reason to know, Mr. Lincoln," said Mr. Pinkerton, "the very best reason, that there is a plot to assassinate you the day after to-morrow, on your way through Baltimore. I have come here in that connection."

With all his wonderful self-control, Mr. Lincoln could not entirely conceal the shock produced in him by these words. "I am listening," was all he said, and crossing his legs in characteristic fashion, he settled back in the chair.

THE PLOT TO ASSASSINATE LINCOLN.

For the next hour Mr. Pinkerton did most of the talking, his statement being only interrupted now and then by a sharp question from Mr. Lincoln, who cross-examined him as he would an important witness for the other side. Mr. Pinkerton went back in his narrative to about the middle of the previous month, when President Felton of the Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore Railroad had consulted him regarding his fear that the secessionists were planning to injure the property of the railroad by destroying the ferry-boat used at Havre de Grace for carrying trains across the Susquehanna River, or by burning the bridges over Gunpowder River and other streams north of Baltimore. The purpose of these violent acts, as openly avowed, was to prevent "any Yankee from ever sitting in the Presidential chair," and also to prevent the massing of Northern troops at Washington. The situation was regarded by the railroad officials as so serious that on February 1, 1861, Mr. Pinkerton had left Chicago with a large force of detectives, male and female, and proceeded to Baltimore in the interest of the menaced railroad. Among the detectives employed in this investigation were George H. Bangs, Hiram B. Jones, William Norris, Paul H. Dennia, John Kinsella, Francis Warner, William H. Scott, and, most important of all, the famous Timothy Webster, the daredevil hero of so many adventures, who afterwards rendered such splendid service under General McClellan, remaining within the rebel lines almost constantly, until he was finally convicted as a spy and executed in Richmond on April 30, 1862.

Immediately on their arrival in Baltimore, Mr. Pinkerton had stationed his detectives throughout that whole section of Maryland, and especially in the region along the railroad between Baltimore and Havre de Grace. Within a few days his agents had not only convinced him of the well-formed intention on the part of angry Southerners to destroy the railroad bridges and ferry-boats, but reported the existence of a blacker plot against the President himself. On February 9, Mr. Pinkerton learned on reliable authority that a distinguished citizen of Maryland had joined with others in taking a solemn oath to assassinate Mr. Lincoln before he should reach Washington. On the evening of February 8, twenty conspirators in Baltimore had met in a dark room to decide by ballot which one of them should kill the President as he passed through the city. It was agreed that the task should be entrusted to that one of their number who should draw a red ballot. Whoever was thus chosen was pledged not to disclose the fact, even to his fellow-conspirators. To make it absolutely sure that the plot would not be defeated at the last moment by accident or cowardice, eight red ballots instead of one were placed in the box from which they drew, unknown to the conspirators themselves, and eight determined men regarded themselves as thus chosen, by high destiny, to rid the country of an infamous tyrant. So they professed to believe, and their plans for the assassination were perfected to the smallest detail. The hour of the President's arrival in Baltimore was well known, and the line of march to be followed by his carriage across the city had been announced. In case there should be any change in the programme, agents of the conspirators in the various Northern cities passed through by the Presidential party were ready to apprise them of the fact. There would be an immense crowd in Baltimore at the Calvert Street station when Mr. Lincoln arrived, and it was a matter of common knowledge that the Baltimore chief of police, George P. Kane, was in sympathy with the conspirators and had promised to send only a small force of policemen to the station, and to furnish no police escort whatever through

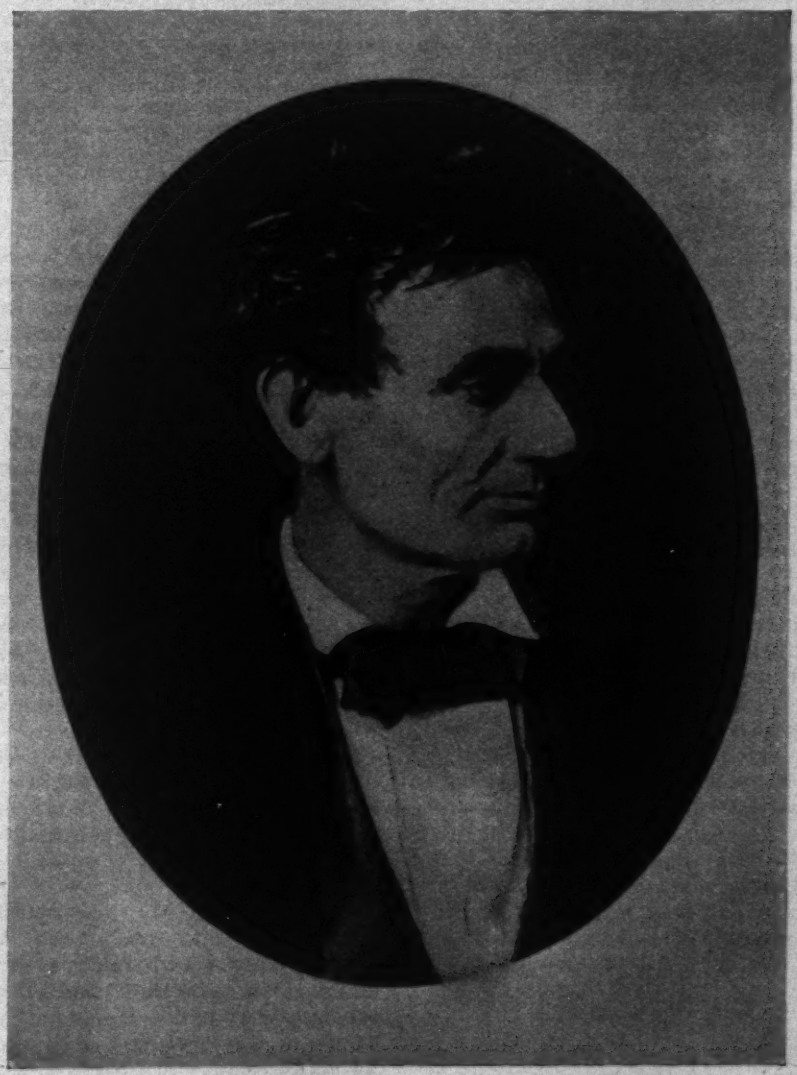
ALLAN PINKERTON IN 1872. AT THIS TIME MR. PINKERTON HAD BEEN SUFFERING FOR THREE YEARS FROM THE EFFECTS OF A SERIOUS PARALYTIC SHOCK.

the city. As soon as the President should leave the train, a gang of roughs were to start a fight a few hundred yards away, and this would serve as a pretext for the police force to absent themselves for a few minutes. During this time the crowd would close around the hated Northerners, pushing and jostling them, and in the confusion some one of the conspirators would strike the deadly blow or fire the fatal shot. Each man was left free to accomplish the murder either with dagger or pistol, as he saw fit.

All this Allan Pinkerton related with various confirmatory details, Mr. Lincoln sitting motionless in his chair meanwhile, his intense interest being shown by the characteristic slow movement of the lower jaw accompanied by a protruding of the lips.

"And why do they want to kill me?" he asked.

Allan Pinkerton explained that it was impossible for any Northerner to understand the mad, fanatical feeling that prevailed in Baltimore against Mr. Lincoln. On one occasion, under the assumed character of a zealous secessionist, he had met a fiery young Italian named Fernandina, who had been at one time a barber in Baltimore, but through his violent opinions had become the captain of a military



ABRAHAM LINCOLN. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH OF A DAGUERREOTYPE TAKEN IN 1851. LOANED BY H. W. FAY. THIS PORTRAIT, IT IS BELIEVED, HAS NEVER BEEN PUBLISHED BEFORE.

organization, and was now a man with a certain dangerous following among the extremists. Mr. Pinkerton had been drinking with Fernandina one night in a saloon, and, after listening to many fierce speeches, and making some himself to keep up his character, he had heard Fernandina say, waving his arms wildly:

"Lincoln shall never be President of the United States. My life is of no consequence; I will give it for his. I am ready to die for the rights of the South."

These words having received vociferous applause among the drinking company, Fernandina proceeded:

"The first shot fired and the head traitor, Lincoln, dead, all Maryland will be with us and the South will be free. If I alone must do the deed, I swear that Abraham Lincoln shall die in this city."

Another conspirator whose confidence Allan Pinkerton had gained, said to him one day:

"That Lincoln shall never pass through here alive. The Abolitionist shall never set foot on Southern soil but to find a grave."

As Mr. Lincoln still seemed doubtful whether to give credence to such an abominable conspiracy, Mr. Pinkerton proceeded to lay before him a mass of evidence furnished by Timothy Webster, who had spent most of his time among people of middle rank, and by Harry Davies, one of his most able detectives, who, being a Southern man by birth, was able to ingratiate himself into the higher social circles, and had obtained the strongest possible proof of the existence of a conspiracy against Mr. Lincoln's life. In conclusion, Mr. Pinkerton expressed his conviction that the danger was imminent, and both Mr. Felton and Mr. Judd agreed with him.

MISS DIX'S STORY.

Mr. Felton proceeded to furnish corroborative evidence that had come to him from quite another source. Some days previous he had received a visit from Miss Dix, the well-known Southern philanthropist. She had come into his office one Saturday afternoon and stated that she had a most important communication to make to him. Mr. Felton's own words, describing this interview, were:

"After closing the door I listened attentively for more than an hour, while she put in tangible and reliable shape what I had before heard in numerous and detached parcels. The sum of it was that there was then an extensive and organized conspiracy throughout the South to seize upon Washington, with its archives and records, and then declare the Southern conspirators *de facto* the government of the United States. The whole was to be a *coup d'état*. At the same time they were to cut off all modes of communication between Washington and the North, East, or West, and thus prevent the transportation of troops to wrest the capital from the hands of the insurgents. Mr. Lincoln's inauguration was thus to be prevented, or his life was to fall a sacrifice to the attempt at inauguration. In fact, troops were then drilling on the line of our own road and the Washington and Annapolis line, and other lines, and they were sworn to obey the commands of their leaders, and the leaders were banded together to capture Washington."

As Mr. Felton had known Miss Dix for years, in her noble work for alleviating the sufferings of the afflicted, he could not doubt her honesty; nor could he question the accuracy of her information when he remembered what unusual opportunities she had had, while visiting the hospitals and mingling in Southern society, for gaining trustworthy information. As he expressed it, "it was made as certain as strong circumstantial and positive evidence could make it, that there was a plot to burn the bridges and destroy the road, and to murder Mr. Lincoln on his way to Washington, if it turned out that he went there before the troops were called. If the troops were first called, then the bridges were to be destroyed, and Washington to be cut off and taken possession off by the South."

Mr. Lincoln listened attentively to everything that was said, without committing himself either way, and then asked:

"Well, gentlemen, granting that all this is true, what do you propose to do about it?"

"We propose, Mr. President," said Mr. Felton, "to take you on to Washington this very night and steal a march on your enemies," and he then proceeded to detail the plan they had perfected an hour before at the St. Louis Hotel. This plan involved an entire change of programme, and necessitated the President's breaking appointments for the following day in Philadelphia and Harrisburg.

"Do you approve of this?" asked Mr. Lincoln, addressing his friend Norman B. Judd.

"It seems to me for the best,' answered the latter, "although I recognize that if you follow the course suggested—of proceeding to Washington to-night—you will necessarily be subjected to the scoffs and sneers of your enemies and the disap-

proval of many friends who will not believe in the existence of so desperate a plot."

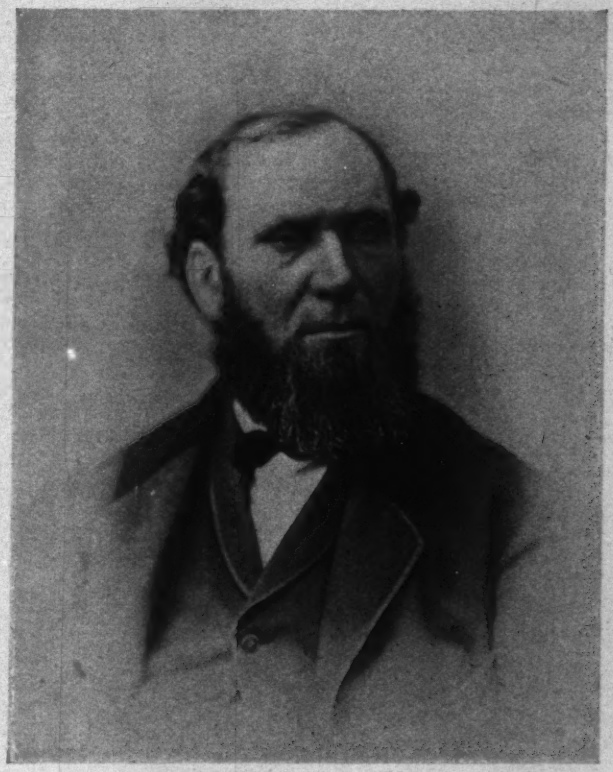
LINCOLN DECLINES TO RUN AWAY FROM HIS ENGAGEMENTS.

Mr. Lincoln's words in reply were:

"Gentlemen, I appreciate these suggestions, and while I can stand anything that is necessary in the way of misrepresentation, I do not feel that I can go to Washington to-night. I have promised to raise the flag over Independence Hall to-morrow morning, and after that to visit the Legislature at Harrisburg. These two promises I must fulfil, whatever the cost, but after that I am ready to accept any plan you may adopt."

Mr. Lincoln rose from his chair while making this statement, and addressed his friends standing, speaking impressively, though without any show of agitation. As soon as he had finished he left the room, and the party dispersed to reassemble again at midnight, when Mr. G. C. Franciscus, general manager of the Pennsylvania Railroad, and Mr. E. S. Sanford, representing the American Telegraph Company, took part in the discussion with Mr. Felton, Mr. Judd, and Allan Pinkerton. These five men sat there in earnest consultation until half-past four in the morning, turning over every possible plan for the President's safety, and finally agreeing upon a course that seemed for the best. Meanwhile, Mr. Lincoln had long since retired to his room, where he lay for hours sleepless, thinking of the peaceful home in Springfield he had left ten days before, and feeling more strongly than ever the regret and grave uncertainty which had marked his parting with his fellow-townsmen. In bidding them farewell he had said:

"My friends: No one not in my situation can appreciate my feeling of sadness at this parting. To this place, and the kindness of these people, I owe everything. Here I have lived a quarter of a century, and have passed from a young to an old man. Here my children have been born, and one is buried. I now leave, not knowing when or whether ever I may return, with a task before me greater than that which rested upon Washington. Without the assistance of that Divine Being who ever attended him, I cannot succeed. With that assistance, I cannot fail. Trusting in Him who can go with me, and remain with you, and be everywhere for good, let us confidently hope that all will yet be well. To His care commending you, as I hope in your prayers you will commend me, I bid you an affectionate farewell."



ALLAN PINKERTON IN 1862.

At six o'clock the next morning, February 22, Mr. Lincoln kept his word, and, as the sun was rising, with his own hands he raised the flag over Independence Hall, and made an address that must have reflected perfectly his own state of mind. This address was:

"Mr. Cuyler: I am filled with deep emotion at finding myself standing in this place, where were collected together the wisdom, the patriotism, the devotion to principle, from which sprang the institutions under which we live. You have kindly suggested to me that in my hands is the task of restoring peace to our distracted country. I can say in return, sir, that all the political sentiments I entertain have been drawn, so far as I have been able to draw them, from the sentiments which originated in and were given to the world from this hall. I have never had a feeling, politically, that did not spring from the sentiments embodied in the Declaration of Independence. I have often pondered over the dangers which were incurred by the men who assembled here and framed and adopted that Declaration. I have pondered over the toils that were endured by the

officers and soldiers of the army who achieved that independence. I have often inquired of myself what great principle or idea it was that kept this Confederacy so long together. It was not the mere matter of separation of the colonies from the motherland, but that sentiment in the Declaration of Independence which gave liberty not alone to the people of this country, but hope to all the world, for all future time. It was that which gave promise that in due time the weights would be lifted from the shoulders of all men, and that all should have an equal chance. This is the sentiment embodied in the Declaration of Independence. Now, my friends, can this country be saved on that basis? If it can, I will consider myself one of the happiest men in the world if I can help to save it. If it cannot be saved upon that principle, it will be truly awful. But if this country cannot be saved without giving up that principle, I was about to say I would rather be assassinated on this spot than surrender it. Now, in my view of the present aspect of affairs, there is no need of bloodshed and war. There is no necessity for it. I am not in favor of such a course; and I may say in advance that there will be no bloodshed unless it is forced upon the government. The government will not use force, unless force is used against it.

"My friends, this is wholly an unprepared speech. I did not expect to be called on to say a word when I came here. I supposed I was merely to do something toward raising a flag. I may, therefore, have said something indiscreet. [Cries of 'No, no.'] But I have said nothing but what I am willing to live by, and, if it be the pleasure of Almighty God, to die by." *

Joining his friends after the ceremonies, Mr. Lincoln asked Allan Pinkerton if they had decided on a plan.

"We have, sir, and I will answer with my life for your safe conduct to Washington."

Mr. Lincoln, as a mark of his confidence, grasped his hand with a strong grip.

As the party were on their way to the special train that was waiting to take them to Harrisburg, Frederick W. Seward came hurrying up with a despatch for Mr. Lincoln of such importance that he had been charged to bring it in person from Washington. Opening the envelope, Mr. Lincoln was startled to find letters from William H. Seward, who was to be the head of his cabinet, and from General Winfield Scott, containing an earnest warning of the very same conspiracy against his life that Allan Pinkerton had already exposed. It was evident that Mr. Seward and General Scott had gained their knowledge of the Baltimore plot from some source quite independent of Mr. Pinkerton's investigation, which made the confirmation all the stronger.

"After this," said Mr. Lincoln to Mr. Judd, "it is impossible to doubt the reality of the danger."

The messages thus delivered to Mr. Lincoln were these:

[Seward to Lincoln.]

WASHINGTON, *February* 21, 1861.

MY DEAR SIR: My son goes express to you. He will show you a report made by our detective to General Scott, and by him communicated to me this morning. I deem it so important as to despatch my son to meet you wherever he may find you.

I concur with General Scott in thinking it best for you to reconsider your arrangement. No one here but General Scott, myself, and the bearer is aware of this communication.

I should have gone with it myself, but for the peculiar sensitiveness about my attendance at the Senate at this crisis.

Very truly yours,

WILLIAM H. SEWARD.

[General Scott to Seward.]

February 21, 1861.

MY DEAR SIR: Please receive my friend, Colonel Stone, chief of General Weightman's staff, and a distinguished young officer with me in Mexico. He has an important communication to make.

Yours truly,

WINFIELD SCOTT.

The report here referred to was that of a detective who had been stationed in Baltimore by John A. Kennedy, superintendent of the New York police force, at the first rumor of a plot to assassinate the President. This detective was David S. Bookstaver, who, having established himself in the suspected city in the guise of a music agent, had been able to meet and talk with people of all classes without arousing suspicion. Bookstaver, working thus quite independently of Allan Pinkerton, was not long in arriving at the conclusion already reached by Pinkerton; and hurrying on to Washington, he informed General Scott and one of his most trusted officers, Colonel Charles P. Stone, that the life of Abraham Lincoln would be in danger if he attempted to carry out his plan of passing openly through Baltimore. The following extract from a letter to Mr. Kennedy, written by Colonel Stone, shows how serious the danger was regarded at Washington:

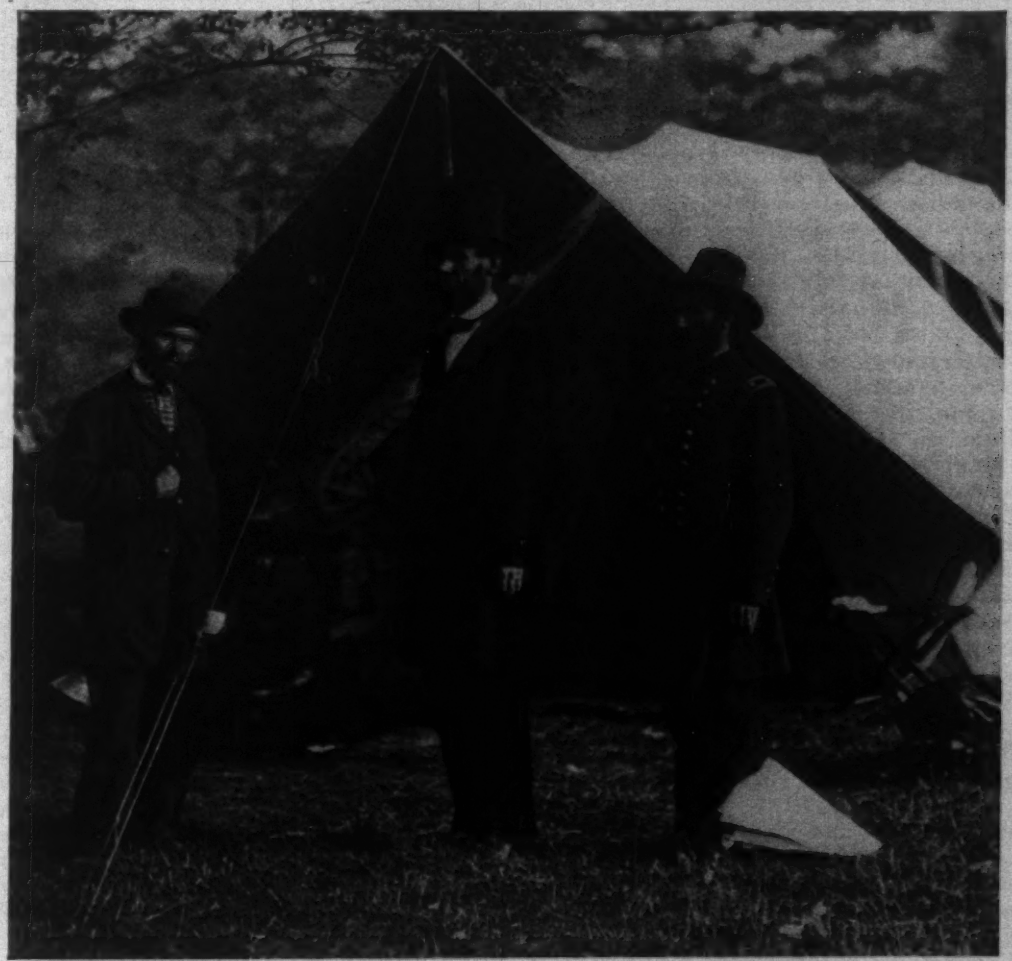
It is impossible with the time now at my disposal to give you anything like a detailed history of the information derived from your men and from dozens of letters and reports from other sources, addressed sometimes to the General-in-Chief and sometimes to myself, which served to convince both of us there was imminent danger that Mr. Lincoln's life would be sacrificed should he attempt to pass through Baltimore at the time and in the manner published in the newspapers as the programme of his journey. The closing piece of information on the subject was

* This and the farewell speech at Springfield are reprinted from "Abraham Lincoln: Complete Works." Edited by John G. Nicolay and John Hay. New York: The Century Company, 1894.

brought by one of your men, Bookstaver. His information was entirely corroborative of that already in our possession. General Scott had received from other sources urgent warning also, and he stated to me that it was almost a certainty Mr. Lincoln could not pass Baltimore alive by the train on the day fixed.

THE PLAN FOR SAVING LINCOLN.

Before the special train started for Harrisburg, Allan Pinkerton, who had been charged with the entire execution of the plan that had been decided upon, took Mr. Judd aside and gave him precise instructions as to every detail of the President's movements, from the moment he left Philadelphia until he should arrive there again the same night. Mr. Pinkerton himself was to remain in Philadelphia to perfect arrangements for the hurried run on to Washington after the President's



ALLAN PINKERTON. ABRAHAM LINCOLN. GENERAL JOHN A. McCLERNAND.

In the autumn of 1862, shortly after the battle of Antietam, General McClernand, who belonged to the Army of the West, chanced to be in Washington, and was invited by President Lincoln to pay a visit to the battlefield of Antietam with him. While at General McClellan's headquarters at Antietam, the President asked where the headquarters of the Secret Service were, as he desired to visit Allan Pinkerton. Getting the information, he and General McClernand called at the Secret Service headquarters, and while they were there Mr. Alexander Gardner, who at that time represented Brady, of Washington, the official photographer, came along with his instruments and asked the President's permission to take a photograph of him. The President consented, and requested General McClernand and Mr. Pinkerton to stand up with him, and thus the photograph was taken which is reproduced above.

General McClernand, writing to Mr. William A. Pinkerton, from Springfield, Illinois, under date of July 30, 1894, and referring to the above incident, says: "Your communication of the 27th instant is thankfully acknowledged. The incident it refers to is still fresh in my mind. It occurred in front of Allan Pinkerton's tent, which was close to General McClellan's headquarters on the stricken field of Antietam. It was there that the photograph of President Lincoln, Allan Pinkerton (your father), and myself was taken. Both the President and Allan Pinkerton were old acquaintances of mine."

return. Mr. Judd was to so manage that the people in Harrisburg would know nothing of the President's sudden departure until the next day, when, if all went well, he would be safe in Washington. Pinkerton's last words to Mr. Judd as they stood at the station were :

"I can depend upon you to carry out everything to the letter?"

"You can," answered Mr. Judd, greatly impressed. During the run to Harrisburg, his thoughts turned constantly on this one theme, and realizing that he was the only one in the party who had any knowledge of the matter, he determined that, in justice to himself and the other gentlemen, they should share with him the great responsibility placed upon him. Accordingly, after the public reception in the State House at Harrisburg, Mr. Judd, with the President's approval, informed the rest of the party of the gravity of the situation and the plan that had been arranged to avert the danger. This meeting took place in the parlor of Jones's Hotel, Mr. Lincoln himself being present. The others were Ward H. Lamon, afterwards United States Marshal from the District of Columbia; Major David Hunter, afterwards Major-General of Volunteers; John G. Nicolay; Captain John Pope, afterwards Major-General Pope; Colonel Sumner, afterwards Major-General; and Judge David Davis, afterwards a Justice of the United States Supreme Court. The announcement having been made, a warm discussion followed, nearly all the gentlemen, especially Colonel Sumner, being opposed to what they called "smuggling the President through the lines as if he was a piece of contraband goods." Finally Judge Davis said :

"Well, Mr. Lincoln, what is your own judgment upon this matter?"

Mr. Lincoln replied: "I have thought over this matter considerably since I went over the ground with Pinkerton last night, and unless there are some other reasons besides fear of ridicule, I am disposed to carry out Judd's plans."

"That settles the matter, gentlemen," said Judge Davis; and then Colonel Sumner added, "So be it, gentlemen. It is against my judgment, but I have undertaken to go to Washington with Mr. Lincoln, and I shall do it."

The programme for the remainder of the day included a dinner at the hotel, at which Governor Curtin and a large number of prominent people were to be present. The dinner was to be followed by a public reception in the evening, after which Mr. Lincoln was to be Governor Curtin's guest for the night at the Executive Mansion. It was four o'clock in the afternoon when the party separated, and there was not a moment to be lost if the plan of flight was to be successfully carried out.

The greatest danger was from the presence in Harrisburg of Southern spies, connected with the Baltimore conspirators, who were doubtless watching every movement made by the President and would not fail to telegraph the conspirators if they learned that Mr. Lincoln had left Harrisburg before the appointed time. An ingenious plan was accordingly adopted to throw these spies off the track. The dinner began shortly before five o'clock, and was allowed to proceed in the usual way, Mr. Lincoln being seated beside Governor Curtin at the table of honor. It had been arranged that at six o'clock Mr. Lincoln should excuse himself as if for a moment and slip away unobserved. When the time came, however, for this important move, it was found almost impossible of execution. Not only were the dining-rooms and corridors of the hotel packed to suffocation, but a large crowd had gathered outside and were shouting for an address from the balcony. Bonfires were blazing in the streets, and there was great enthusiasm everywhere. Seeing the difficulty of leaving the room, Mr. Lincoln hit upon a clever idea, and whispering to Governor Curtin a hasty explanation, called upon him to assist in his departure. Grasping the situation in a moment, Governor Curtin made some remark to the effect that the President was suffering with a headache and would withdraw to his room for a moment. Then, giving Mr. Lincoln his arm, the two men passed out of the dining-room and walked down the hall to the front door, where Mr. Franciscus, general agent of the Pennsylvania Road, was waiting with a closed carriage. The President did not go to his room at all, not even to get his hat and overcoat, but stepped quickly into the carriage just as he had been at the table, covering his head with a hat of soft wool that he drew from his pocket. Later on during the journey, Mr. Franciscus gave the President his own overcoat, and thus attired, without any disguise whatever, Mr. Lincoln made the journey to Washington.

THE SECRET RETURN FROM HARRISBURG TO PHILADELPHIA.

To disarm suspicion among those who saw Mr. Lincoln get into the carriage,

Governor Curtin entered after him, giving instructions in a loud voice to the driver to take them to the Executive Mansion. Mr. Franciscus, seated on the box seat, whispered to the driver what to do, and the carriage did go to the Executive Mansion, but only stopped there a moment and then drove on, no one having left it. They then drove directly to a road crossing at the lower end of Harrisburg, where the superintendent of the Pennsylvania Railroad had, at Mr. Pinkerton's request, provided that a locomotive and passenger car should be waiting. The only member of the party who accompanied Mr. Lincoln and Governor Curtin in the carriage was Ward H. Lamon, it having been decided that all the others should remain in Harrisburg over night and keep themselves as much as possible in evidence, so as to confirm the belief that the President was in the city. Colonel Sumner, a stanch old soldier, who had sworn that he would go to Washington with Mr. Lincoln, was only prevented from getting into the carriage by a clever ruse of Mr. Judd's, which made the colonel violently angry for the moment, but which he afterward forgave, recognizing its wisdom.

It was about dusk when the carriage reached the special train, consisting only of a single passenger car in which the lamps were left unlighted, so extreme were the precautions taken. Mr. Lincoln stepped aboard the train first, followed by Messrs. Franciscus, Lamon, and Enoch Lewis, and immediately the signal was given to the engineer, and the train started for Philadelphia.

In addition to the engineer and fireman the only persons who rode on this special train with Mr. Lincoln from Harrisburg to Philadelphia on the evening of February 22, 1861, were Ward H. Lamon; G. C. Franciscus, division superintendent of the Pennsylvania; Enoch Lewis, general superintendent; T. E. Garrett, general baggage agent; and John Pitcairn, Jr., in charge of a special telegraphic instrument, provided in case of any accident on the way.

BLOCKING THE TELEGRAPH BETWEEN HARRISBURG AND BALTIMORE.

It was hoped that these precautions would keep any conspirators in Harrisburg ignorant of Mr. Lincoln's departure until the following morning, but there was some uncertainty about this; and in so momentous a crisis Allan Pinkerton did not propose to leave anything to chance. If by ill luck some lurking enemy of the President, some agent of the Baltimore plotters, had seen Mr. Lincoln's departure and followed the carriage to the special train, word would at once be telegraphed along the line to other conspirators in Philadelphia and Baltimore, and the assassins might accomplish their purpose after all. Mr. Pinkerton had thought of all this in the morning and taken measures accordingly. Already, before President Lincoln's train had left Philadelphia, the indomitable detective had arranged with the officers of the American Telegraph Company in Philadelphia to have all despatches from Harrisburg over their wires stopped in their office, except only such as might come addressed to "J. H. Hutchinson," that being the name Mr. Pinkerton had registered under at the St. Louis Hotel. That there might be no chance of any single despatch from Harrisburg going through to its destination by the carelessness of any operator, the manager of the Philadelphia office, Mr. H. E. Thayer, agreed to remain on duty all night and receive the despatches in person. So far, so good; but Mr. Pinkerton knew that there still remained one means of telegraphic communication between Harrisburg and Baltimore; that is, over the wires of the Northern Central Railroad, and he had not the time at his disposal or the influence to make such an arrangement with the officials of this line as he had made with the American Telegraph Company. Every hour was precious now. Communication between Harrisburg and Baltimore over the Northern Central Railroad wires must be interrupted at any cost, and the only way to do this was to cut the wires.

The situation being explained to Mr. Thayer, he detailed a trusty lineman, Andrew Wynne, for the delicate service, giving him precise instructions as to how he was to proceed. Shortly after the departure of Mr. Lincoln's train, another train was hurrying lineman Wynne on to Harrisburg, provided with the necessary tools, fine copper wire, etc. Wynne was accompanied by W. P. Westervelt, superintendent of the company, and on reaching Harrisburg the two were joined by George H. Burns, confidential agent of E. S. Sanford, president of the American Telegraph Company. These men, being electrical experts, had little difficulty in tracing the Baltimore wires through the city and in locating them on the telegraph poles. To prevent observation they followed the line down the railroad track for two miles out of the city, and then, having reached an unfrequented spot, Wynne climbed one of the poles, cut the

Baltimore wires, and attached to the severed ends fine copper ground wires, thus rendering all communication between the two cities impossible. Returning to Harrisburg, Mr. Wynne went directly to the telegraph office of the Northern Central Railroad and asked the operator to send a message for him to Baltimore. The operator replied that he could not send the message, as there was something wrong on the line, and having thus verified the success of his wire cutting, Mr. Wynne reported the result to his superiors and was relieved from further responsibility.

CHANGING TRAINS AT PHILADELPHIA.

Meanwhile, Mr. Lincoln and his friends, including several of the railroad officials, were speeding eastward in a darkened car, no stop being made until they reached Downingtown, where the engine took water. Here all the party except Mr. Lincoln left the car for lunch, the President remaining alone in the shadows until his friends returned, bringing him a cup of tea and a roll. Again the train started and proceeded without incident to Philadelphia, where they were met at the West Philadelphia station, shortly after ten o'clock, by Allan Pinkerton, with a closed carriage. On the seat beside the driver was H. F. Kenney, superintendent of the Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore Railroad, who had given orders to the conductor, John Litzenburg, of the 10.50 P. M. train for Washington, not to start until he received an important package he would deliver into his hands personally. Immediately on leaving the train, the party, including the President, Mr. Lamon, and Allan Pinkerton, took seats inside the carriage, and were driven down Market Street as far as Nineteenth, then up that street as far as Vine Street, and from there to Seventeenth Street, the carriage moving slowly. The idea of these manœuvres was to throw any one who might be following them off the track, and also to fill up the time before the train would start, as the special from Harrisburg had arrived sooner than was expected. When the carriage drew near the railroad station, Mr. Kenney instructed the driver to proceed by a narrow cross street, so that the party might be in the shadow of the yard fence when they alighted. As soon as the carriage stopped, Mr. Pinkerton sprang to the ground and led the way through the yards to the train they were to take, which was being held for orders.

The perfection of Mr. Pinkerton's arrangements was now seen; for, while they were hurrying over the tracks, they were met by William Stearns, the master machinist of the Philadelphia, Wilmington, and Baltimore Railroad, who whispered to the detective the reassuring words: "All is right." By previous arrangements made by Allan Pinkerton's famous woman detective, Kate Warn, three sections had been secured for the party in the sleeping car at the rear end of the train, and it had also been arranged that the rear door of this car should be left open for the convenience of an invalid, who would be able to reach his berth more quietly. The porter in charge of the sleeping car, who made this unusual concession, was named Knox; and it was in great measure due to his intelligence and care that Mr. Lincoln was able to board the train and make the journey to Washington without any one outside the immediate party suspecting his presence.

Once in his berth the President never showed his face until the following morning. Not even the conductor saw him, for Allan Pinkerton presented his ticket, explaining that his friend must not be disturbed. Guarding Mr. Lincoln on either side, and never closing their eyes through that anxious night, were George H. Bangs and Mrs. Kate Warn, two of Pinkerton's most trusted detectives, who were supposed by the train hands and passengers to be members of an ordinary family party. By a remarkable coincidence, John A. Kennedy, superintendent of the New York police, occupied a section in the same sleeper, although he never suspected whom he had for a near neighbor. It was Mr. Kennedy's detectives in Baltimore who had informed Secretary Seward of the plot to assassinate the President, and Mr. Kennedy was at this very moment hurrying South to take measures for protecting the President from his enemies.

THE JOURNEY FROM PHILADELPHIA TO WASHINGTON.

The train drew out of the Philadelphia station at 10.55, having been delayed five minutes for the delivery of the "important package" into the hands of Conductor Litzenberg. As a matter of fact, this package contained nothing more important than a bundle of old New York "Heralds," but it served its purpose admirably in allaying any suspicions. As soon as the train had started, Mr. Lincoln partially undressed, and was soon sleeping quietly

in his berth, untroubled by any thought of the dangers around him. Leaving his "invalid friend" under the protection of Kate Warn and George D. Bangs, who were both armed and would have shot every soul on the train rather than let a curtain of the President's berth be disturbed, Mr. Pinkerton himself took up his station on the rear platform, from which he could readily receive the signals he had arranged for with guards stationed at all danger points along the road.

Mr. Pinkerton had been informed by his operatives scattered through Maryland that three companies of railroad men had been drilling for weeks with the alleged purpose of protecting the property of the Philadelphia, Wilmington, and Baltimore Railroad, but really with the intention of burning the bridges, cars, and ferry-boats, as soon as the proper moment should arrive. It was possible, therefore, that these desperate men, if through treachery or in any unforeseen way they had learned of Mr. Lincoln's hastened departure, would attempt to burn the bridges, place obstructions on the track, or in some other way stop the progress of the train. Therefore, Mr. Pinkerton had taken the most elaborate precautions in view of such an emergency. At his suggestion the railway officials had stationed gangs of trusted men at the various bridges, which they were supposed to be painting and white-washing; and, as a matter of fact, they did give the bridges a complete white coating of a preparation to render the wood-work fire-proof. Their greatest usefulness, however, was as a loyal force in case they should be needed. In addition to these, Pinkerton had placed a man fully armed at every bridge and cross-road through the entire dangerous region, and as the train rolled by each one of these sentinels, as instructed, flashed signals from the dark lantern hanging at his waist to the tireless chief on the back platform.

The most critical point in the journey, as Mr. Pinkerton felt, was Havre de Grace, where the train would be taken across the Susquehanna on a ferry-boat, and here he had posted the detective in whose zeal and abilities he trusted beyond everything, the dauntless Timothy Webster. As the train drew near this point, and began to slow up for the ferry, Mr. Pinkerton's heart beat quick and he strained his eyes through the darkness for the hoped-for signal. It came, two flashes in quick succession telling him that Timothy Webster was "on deck" and all was well.

Without accident the train ran upon the boat, was ferried across the river, and started on the last stretch for Baltimore, running now through the very stronghold of Mr. Lincoln's enemies. From every bridge the white lights flashed out twice into the night, and the train rushed on. "All's well!" "All's well!" "All's well!" came the signals from the faithful fellows watching in the darkness, and every time the white lights streamed into his face, Allan Pinkerton breathed forth a "Thank God." He had pledged his life to take the nation's President to Washington, and he was doing it. No harm had come so far, and as they drew near to Baltimore, with its plans of murder and infamy, the detective braced himself for the final crisis. What would happen here? Had any suspicion got abroad of the President's arrival? If an attack was made, would they be able to defend him? All these thoughts ran through his brain as the lights of the city came in sight.

It was half-past three in the morning when the train drew up in the Baltimore station, just on time. The platforms were empty, the city was asleep, the conspirators had suspected nothing, the danger was past. The run on to Washington was made without accident or event, and at 6 A.M. Abraham Lincoln, leaning on the arm of Allan Pinkerton, left the train and was received by William H. Seward and General Winfield Scott, who gripped his hand with a grasp much the stronger for the anxiety they had felt. Mr. Seward's words were:

"I was never so glad to see any one in my life as I am to see you this morning."

SONG OF A SERENADE.

By Cy Warman,

Author of "Sweet Marie."

ONE night beneath my window, when
The stars were bright above,
The music of a mandolin,
Blent with a lay of love,
Came stealing through the stillness like
The balmy breath of spring;
I opened up my window-blinds
And heard a singer sing:

"Cupid is an archer, and his arrow's ever set,
And swift and sure the arrow flies, as from a falconet;
His bow is ever trusty and his aim is ever true.
Be wary of the archer when his arrow's aimed at you!"

At first I only lingered there
To listen for a while,
And thought the singer only sang
The hours to beguile.
My heart began to tremble with
The touch of every string.
I opened wide my window-blinds
And heard the singer sing:

"Cupid is an archer, and his arrow's ever set,
And swift and sure the arrow flies, as from a falconet;
His bow is ever trusty and his aim is ever true.
Be wary of the archer when his arrow's aimed at you!"

The weary day I'm waiting for
The twilight shades to fall,
And where the tangled woodland waves
I hear the lone dove call.
The song of running brooklets and
A thousand birds a-wing
My eager ears will hear not,
When my love begins to sing:

"Cupid is an archer, and his arrow's ever set,
And swift and sure the arrow flies, as from a falconet;
His bow is ever trusty and his aim is ever true.
Be wary of the archer when his arrow's aimed at you!"

MY FRIEND WILL.

By Charles F. Lummis.

"UGH!" cried Dick; "isn't it horrible to see a man in that condition? I should think he'd want to die! What is he good for?"

The gentleman who hobbled past was not a pleasant sight, truly. Paralysis had smitten down one of his arms, and weighed upon a side of his face, and he moved very unsteadily on his crutch. But to me he was not horrible, and I answered the last question only with:

"Well, that depends on what he *thinks* he is good for."

But it set me to thinking, for tall and handsome Dick was not the only one I had found with such heresy in him. So few of us ever find out what we really are "good for." And the outcome of my thinking was that perhaps I might just as well tell you the true story of my friend Will—or at least the outline of a few years of his variegated life. His experience has taught me more than all the books I ever read; and perhaps there are others who can learn a little from it, too.

To begin with, he was the hardest-headed fellow you ever saw; maybe "mulish" would not be too harsh a word. The trait brought him no end of troubles, though it is only fair to add that it generally got him out of them, too. His bulldog persistence in having his own way used sometimes to make me laugh; but he was so dead in earnest about everything that it was impossible to laugh at him for long.

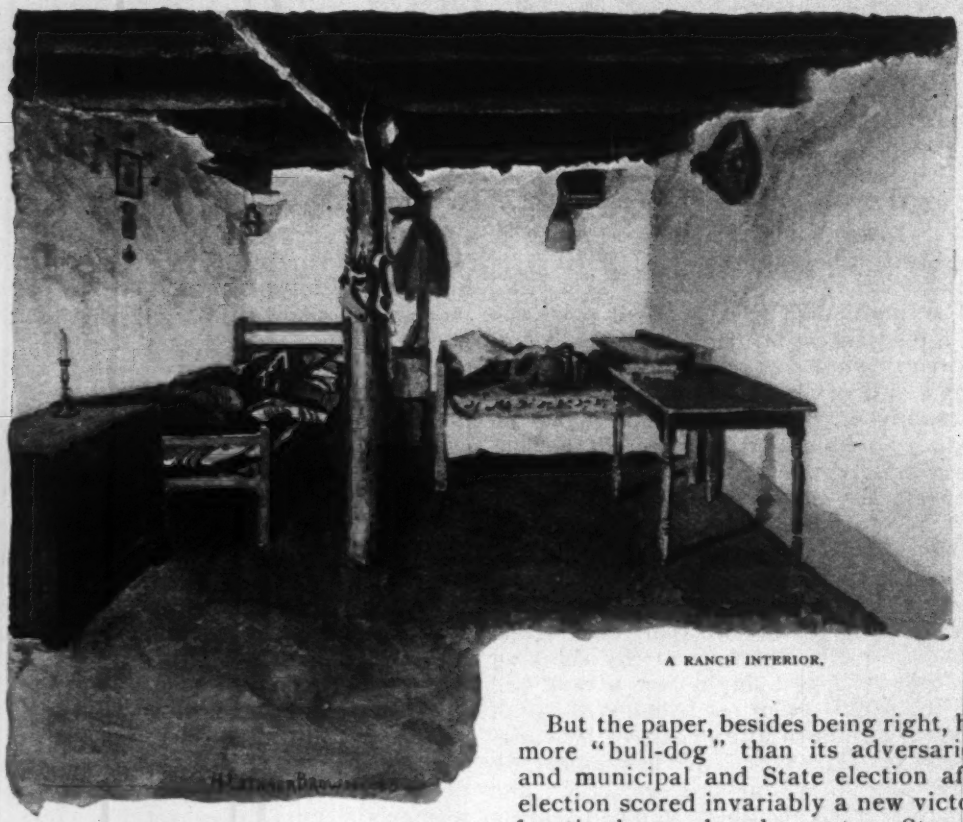
You see, I knew him better than any one else did; and, while our intimacy made it impossible that I should not realize his faults, I was inclined to be charitable to them, and perhaps also to overestimate his virtues somewhat.

This great obstinacy of his was the first element in the curious true story I shall try to tell you; and a second was his physique, which was as hard as his head. He was hardly five feet seven inches, but sinewy and agile as a panther, and of really extraordinary strength. All over his body the knots and strands of muscle stood out like whipcords. He never bragged of this; but he knew his strength, and was proud of it, and gloried in it.

Of all the people I have ever known, no other got so much comfort and quiet joy out of the possession of a perfect body that answered every call upon it. It had been sorely tried, too, in hardships and dangers that never come near the average life, and it had never failed him. More than once—aye, more than a score of times—it had wrenched him loose from the very clutch of death. So it is not surprising that he had come to look upon it with unlimited confidence. The vanity of a woman's beauty is as nothing compared to the vanity of a man's strength.

At the time when the story begins, the obstinacy and the strength had an ample

LEARNING SWEET SPANISH SONGS.



A RANCH INTERIOR.

field. My friend was then twenty-eight years old, in the very perfection of health and vigor. He had bought an interest in a young daily newspaper. The small city in California where it was published, was just beginning to "boom." Immigration from the East had barely started in that wonderful tide which swelled the population of that town from twelve thousand to fifty thousand in five years, and worked almost equal miracles in all Southern California.

With his partners, Will had a double ambition—to upbuild the town and the paper in the right way. It was still rather a frontier city, and almost entirely in the hands of the rougher element. The saloons and gambling houses had everything their own way, and were so powerful that it was deemed hopeless to oppose them.

My friend's daily pitched in by itself to fight for a new order of things, and waged a relentless war on lawlessness and wrong. It was an unpleasant as well as an arduous three years, for the conflict was unremitting and to the knife. The lawless, so long in power, had no notion of yielding, and spared no pains to retaliate directly upon the editors.

But the paper, besides being right, had more "bull-dog" than its adversaries; and municipal and State election after election scored invariably a new victory for the law and order party. Step by hard-fought step the gambling houses were closed, the saloons repressed and restrained, the most dangerous dives shut up, and, in a word, the swift-growing city became noted far and wide for its good government.

Of course, only an infinitesimal part of this was my friend's doing; the votes that made such a striking change were those of the sober, intelligent people, who had been coming in to settle. But it is probably fair to say that without a fearless newspaper to lead off, the reforms could not have been accomplished so soon; and certainly none of the voters had to do with the threats, persecutions, and assaults, which were the constant share of the editors of the only paper which cared to raise its voice.

This apparent straying from the story may give you to understand how a hard-headed young man with all his impulses in favor of decency—and maybe a little fondness for fighting in a good cause—would here become so interested as to make violent efforts. The paper, too, was pushing ahead; its circulation swelled and its influence grew stronger daily, since people found that though it might be mistaken, it was never dishonest nor cowardly.

For his share of these results Will had worked like a Berserker. To him there was no day of rest in the year, and four hours, at most, in the twenty-four. He was up early, working at top tension all day long, and nearly all through the night. The last form had always gone down stairs and the presses were roaring, before he thought of leaving the office. He not only did not ask, but would not allow, any of his reporters to work one-half so hard. For months at a stretch I have known him to work twenty-two hours a day.

"What a fool!" you will say, and quite rightly.

But it did not seem so to him. He was not slaving for money—a thing he never greatly worshipped—but working for love of his work. And you must remember, too, that with such a constitution he could do it! He was never tired—never! The months and the years did not abate his energy, but rather seemed to add to it. Other people broke down, but he——

Three years went by. The paper was so far in the lead that one of its presses alone would have bought out the whole establishment of either of its former rivals.

THE ONE-HANDED HUNTER.

Now my friend had a curious hint. His left forefinger "went to sleep" (as one's foot does) and stayed so for a week. Then his legs, then his head, then his trunk began to have the same odd tingling numbness. But he took it rather as a poor practical joke on him than as a matter to think over.

Warnings had been showered on him for years by his friends, by his many acquaintances among the doctors, but one might just as well have talked to a steel spring. He would laugh with good-natured tolerance, and say: "Oh, yes, I know; but there are exceptions to every rule, and a constitution like mine thrives on it. I've been at it all these years, and never felt better in my life." Then his chest would take its four-and-a-half inch expansion, as if to prove his words. Even now, when the telegraph editor said to him one night, apropos of the "sleepy" finger: "Mr. Will, if you don't let up, you are going to be paralyzed!" my friend looked at him in unfeigned admiration.

"Do you mean to tell me, Bates," he cried impetuously, knotting his left arm till the biceps actually split the sleeve; "you mean to say that when I tell this arm to do so and so it will disobey me? By heaven, I would like to see it!" And there was a glare in his eyes as if he would make short work with such unheard-of mutiny.

A week later he did see it.

That strange numbness kept coming, at times creeping so close about the heart that the strong thumps seemed like to cease; but he felt perfectly well that evening, as he drew up to his own fireside for a moment after supper, and suddenly toppled to the floor. The next thing he knew he was lying on the sofa, and a tearful face bent over him.

"Take it off me!" he gasped, for he seemed to be held down by a weight of tons.

There was only a sad shake of the head for answer.

"But I *will* get up!" he cried, the old combativeness coming back to the dazed brain.

"Don't!" begged the watcher; but he began to heave and strain till the big veins knotted in his forehead and throat and every muscle was rigid as steel.

He had wrestled with the strongest men, he had fought with main strength for his life, but never before with so desperate an effort as now to throw off a weight no one else could see.

After twenty minutes' struggle he did get up, weak and trembling, but victorious.

In a few moments his exultation fell at a terrible discovery. His left arm had mutinied." Struggle as he would he could not move a muscle of it.

I leave it to you, with what you know of him, whether it was a blow to this young athlete to find himself—paralyzed! The perfect body now a wreck, the perfect health a broken dream, and he a thing for people to point at pityingly.

But no one ever knew from him what he did feel. Even to me, his best friend, he said only: "Ah, old boy, tough luck; no?" That first glimpse I got of his face he was very pale, but his lips were set, and there was more token of fire than water in his eyes.

"Do! I'll go to the wilderness and live out-doors till I'm well," he said; and off he packed to New Mexico, though barely able to waddle. "Medicine? No, indeed! My constitution is doctor enough, if it has half a chance, and I'll try to give it that now."

THE CONQUEST OF THE CIGARETTE.

From first to last he refused all doses and treatment, which indicates that, despite that disaster in the brain, the skull retained most of its hardness.

Some very lovely Spanish people in the territory had been his friends for years, and now they gladly welcomed him to their hacienda, a day's ride from the railroad. They would have put him to bed and nursed him, for he could scarcely walk, and his speech was more or less affected; but that was not his notion of the necessary treatment. "In bed," he has told me since, "I couldn't have got away from myself, and that is what I had to do, or go crazy."

Every morning he sallied out into the sage-brush to escape himself with hunting. I fear it was a rather ludicrous sight, this tottering, wobbly Nimrod, clumsily wielding the gun with one hand, and missing far more rabbits than he killed, and often dropping under a bush in sheer exhaustion. But no one laughed at it, except himself; indeed, I have seen friendly eyes turn misty on a sudden, when he "guyed" himself about it.

As the weeks went on, he got further and further from the house; at first a few hundred yards wore him out. Juan Rey and the other boys had more and more jackrabbits and cottontails to dress; Will was getting steadier on his legs, and already could use the light shotgun skilfully with his one hand. He carried it on his shoulder, grasping it at the guard and "throwing down," just as one would a six-shooter.

His natural amusement would have been writing, but now that was out of the question, for on the top of his brain there seemed to be an actual iron floor, against which his thoughts bumped their heads in vain. Sometimes it lifted a bit, then it would sink, lower and heavier, till it seemed about to crush out his very life.

So the evenings he passed with the family, playing quaint Spanish games, learning sweet Spanish songs, and something of the Spanish heart, which he will never forget. If misfortune had taught him but that one lesson of the brotherhood of man, I am not sure it would not have been worth while, for I must say of my friend that before this he had been very ignorant and bigoted in such things.

With March came lambing time, and Will went up to the sheep camps and lived that hard life for months, keeping the shepherds in meat with his gun, and, at a

pinch, working as hard as any of them. Sometimes after chasing a perverse lamb he would fall down, so weak was he, and lie several minutes before he had strength to rise; but then he would up again and at it.

One day it became necessary to send a wagon fifty miles to the interior, and there was no one who could be spared to take it. Don Amado was in a quandary.

"Let me go," said Will.

"You!" cried Don Amado, in horror. "Do you take me for a murderer? What could you do?"

"I could try," was Will's answer, and he seemed really glad to be allowed, after long refusal, the dubious privilege.

He scrambled to the high seat, tied the reins at the back of his neck—so that he could guide the horses by a tug on either line—shook off the brake, and sent the bronchos flying down the hill.

I fancy Will had some doubts about the outcome himself, but he didn't "let on."

He steered the shaky vehicle and its wild span over the rocky trail, crossed a very dangerous and difficult arroyo, and, after many troubles, finally reached Acebache.

Next day he had to start back, bringing six hundred pounds of corn and the meat of a steer, which he had assisted to "round up" in the mountains and dress.

In the bad arroyo the wagon stuck, and the water was rising. So the one-armed Jehu had to drag to the bank, with his right hand and teeth, the three two-hundred-pound sacks of corn and the ponderous quarters of beef, and he did it. Then, with his bowie-knife, he dug away the bank until the tired horses could pull the wagon out to safety. Then he reloaded his cargo, and, at three o'clock in the morning, came clattering in triumph up to the camp at San Miguel.

—— AT THREE O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING, CAME CLATTERING IN TRIUMPH UP TO THE CAMP AT SAN MIGUEL.

The superstitious shepherds began to look upon him as a wizard, but my friend found in these successes food for something deeper than vanity. He was learning a vital lesson—that he was still good for something after all. If he could do this, then something else; and he began to find a keen delight in overcoming the obstacles that naturally beset a cripple.

One very trifling conquest, just now, seemed to give him a disproportionate encouragement and buoyancy. He was a sad smoker, and, in the wilderness, had no recourse except the little brown-paper cigarettes of the Mexicans. At first the boys rolled them for him, but one day he

cried: "No, if I can't smoke without help I won't smoke at all!"

Then he looked sorry he had said it, for he was a fellow of his word, and every one needed two hands for the cigarette-making. Rather anxiously he took a paper and a pinch of granulated tobacco. H'm! Not so impossible after all; for, twisting partly with his right thumb and forefinger and partly with his lips, lo! he had a rude but smokable roll. In a little while he grew expert at it, and for years was known all over the Southwest as "the Americano that rolls cigarros with one hand."

From this point he made rapid progress. No hunter in western New Mexico killed more game, and he began to take long walks and horseback rides of hundreds of miles, and to carry his big camera into all the corners of the frontier, and to make such intimate pictures of the Southwest as no one else has ever succeeded in getting. There was a good deal of hardship in it, and some danger. Several of his photographs were made at the point of the six-shooter. He developed all the plates himself—often getting ugly cuts in the one-handed work—and made many thousand prints a year.

He was now beginning to get back some of his old-time vigor—thanks to determination and out-doors—and, as for handiness, quite ceased in time to miss the lost member. For that matter, a great many strangers never noticed his misfortune, for what he could not help himself in, he preferred to go without. I remember that in the beginning he often went without meat, if he could not cut it himself; never would he let any one cut it for him. But by now he could handle the toughest steak on the frontier, as plenty of cow camps can testify.

A few months later a second but milder shock threw him back very seriously; and, quite as hard to be borne, a strange turn of fortune left him without a cent in the world.

I rather expected to see him weaken then, but he only shut his lips and went to work with a certain fierceness, but no longer blindly. He had already learned something, and, perhaps, these misfortunes were really a good thing, for they gave his inborn pugnacity a worthy foe and a beneficial struggle. The "floor" was still in his head, but a little more buoyant, and, as nothing else seemed feasible, he began literary work, a very little at a stretch.

For the next two years my friend had a pretty hard time. Any steady or confining work was not to be thought of, and what writing he could do brought in very small returns and far between. Sometimes he had even to borrow postage stamps to send off his articles. But he seemed never to get blue.

Between "works" he tramped and rode a great deal in all the wildest recesses of the frontier, made thousands of photographs, broke his own bronchos from wild beasts to horses that loved him, cooked for himself, and was, in general, a very contented hermit, as well as a rather lively paralytic.

He had left his Spanish friends, to go and live in a Pueblo village, for the sake of studying these remarkable Indians. He became very fond of his brown neighbors and they of him, but a band of Mexican murderers and desperadoes were not so friendly. He ventured to testify against them, and thereafter, for more than a year, he knew how it felt to be hunted; for the assassins did not care to meet him face to face, but were watching their chance to strike from behind.

Several times in his lonely journeys he was fired on from ambush, but only keeping a sharper lookout he went on with his work. At last, one Valentine's eve, they waylaid him at his own door, and so riddled him with buckshot that it was a miracle he ever recovered. After that, the superstitious fellows decided that he must lead a charmed life, and they let him alone.

Here, one day, a letter came to him with the deadliest news a letter could tell. A flood of fire roared through his head, and he rolled from his chair.

This third paralytic shock seemed to have finished even the "cabezudo" (hardhead), as the Indians called him. It left him unable to stand, or to speak a word. He could move only by dragging himself along the floor with his right elbow, something like a dog with three legs broken. He was very close to death; had he "lost his grip" even for a little while, it would have been all up with him. But he never did. He kept alive by sheer obstinacy, and to the bewilderment of the doctors.

While he lay in the hospital in Santa Fé, he held his unwilling mind by the throat and made it serve him. Story after story, verse after verse, he forced out from the aching and oppressed head, and so kept from going mad. He even wrote for the humorous papers a great many sketches and jingles and quips funny enough to make the public laugh, when he was farthest from laughing himself.

How he hated this wretched hulk ! How his eyes flashed if any stranger presumed to look at him when he was taken out in the wheel chair ! Pity him, would they ? Well, he would fool them, and the doctors, too !

" How are you, old man ?" asked a friend, during this crisis. Will reached for his scratchpad, tore off a leaf on which a verse was growing, and wrote :

" All right. And bigger than anything that can happen to me. All these things are outside my door, and I've got the key. Thank you."

I came across this paper afterward and saved it. When I have any bad luck myself, it rather does me good to look at it.

A few weeks later he watched with hungry eyes the goings and comings of gallant Perfecto, the secretary's horse. One day he wrote on his tablet, the only tongue left him, you know :

" Lend me. I want to ride."

" You ?" cried the secretary. " Are you crazy ? What would you do on a horse like that ?"

" Put me on and see," answered the pencil scratches.

It took a long argument, that spoiled several sheets of paper ; but at last the tall secretary lifted Will bodily into the saddle, tucked his left foot into the stirrup, and away he went. Perfecto was fast and mettlesome ; but, after all, he was nothing to the bronchos, and no casualties occurred.

Next day riding out again, my friend met a Mexican boy, carrying a string of trout. Whew ! Then his eyes did brighten. There was nothing on earth he loved quite so well as trout, ever since the four-year-old days when gran'pa carried him along the New Hampshire trout-brooks and talked to him even as he fished. Now Will reined up in front of the lad and grunted " N–h ?" (which was as near as he could come to articulate sound), jogging his chin forward at the fish.

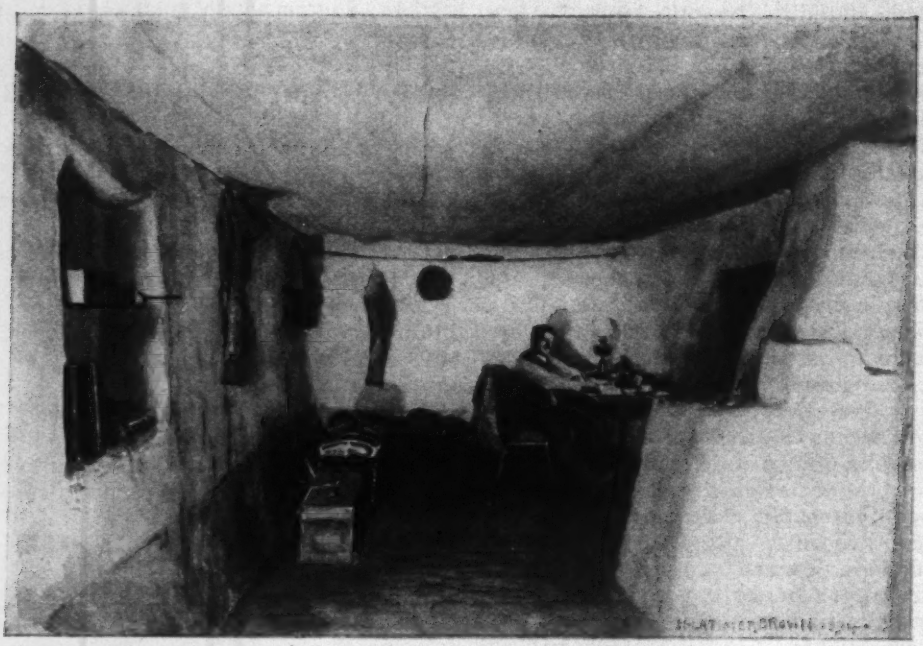
The boy looked puzzled, but he was too much a boy to be stupid long. " N–h ?" could mean only " Where'd you get them ?" So he promptly replied : " El rito arriba."

Trout in the Sante Fé Cañon ? H'm !

At four o'clock next morning my friend and Perfecto were clattering past the hospital, and something suspiciously like a rod stood whip-fashion in one of the tall boots.

When the sun had come up they had made ten miles. A horse could go no farther up the cañon for the cliffs. Will picked out a leafy spot, wriggled about in the saddle until he overbalanced and fell to the ground, alighting on that hard head and

WILL REINED UP IN FRONT OF THE LAD AND GRUNTED " N-H ? "



WILL'S QUARTERS WITH THE PUEBLO.

sound arm. He tied Perfecto's "reata" to a tree, and the rest of the day was dragging himself over the rough ground, fishing.

At sunset he crawled up a half-fallen tree, pulled Perfecto to him, scrambled into the saddle with infinite difficulty, and rode home—with twenty-nine trout in his basket.

That sort of thing was repeated daily for about four months. Then the helpless leg began to have a bit of life, so that by taking hold of something Will could rise. What pleased him quite as much was that he became able again to hum the Spanish songs he had collected with such labor, which had seemed utterly wiped out by the third shock.

And at last, one blessed autumn day, as he rode up the cañon humming the air of

"Me es preciso el despedirme,"

he suddenly heard himself singing the words! Some Mexicans who met him there have told me that he looked like a ghost, but he said nothing to them. I presume he wished to; but there was one at home who had a right to the first words, and he wheeled and rode back in silence.

"What on earth makes his face shine so?" queried the family as he rode into the yard.

But no one knew until he was safe in the room with the One and burst like a bomb with:

"I can talk!"

After that the tide turned. He came in time to walk and speak as well as ever, though the dwindled left arm still hung lifeless at his side.

He returned to the pueblo, to his hunting and exploring, his making of pictures and breaking of bronchos. He even built a couple of log houses for friends who had taken a crazy notion to plant a home on the top of a ten-thousand-foot peak, felling the trees himself, peeling, hewing, and placing them, making tin roofs, and all that sort of thing. His writings found a market now, so the miseries of poverty disappeared.

Then a very great change came into his life—one good fortune that he did not hew out for himself. A pair of very beautiful blue eyes, that had been first to bend over him when he was paralyzed for the third time, that had watched him through the pale days after that midnight shooting, came to be the daily light of the humble adobe, where he had taken care of himself over two years.

Two heads certainly are better than one, in such a case. Under the new order of things the hermit's den had a great transformation. Will tore out walls, made windows, planed and sawed and hammered and squared like one possessed—till the one hand, what with blisters and cracks, was a sight to be seen—and the Lady of the Eyes seemed to make everything fall into its due place. Soon the dark old adobe had be-

come a home, still humble, but very comfortable, and doubly dear, because they had made it all themselves.

That summer Will and his girl-wife started out for a long, long journey on their pet horses, and for most of six months were ransacking the out-of-the-way corners of New Mexico. He had become really powerful again. The right arm, from doing double duty, had grown an inch around the biceps, and seemed to have added to its own strength that of the lost left.

On the 5th of July they were halting with some of the dear old Spanish friends.

"What a lovely day it has been, dear!" said his wife, kneeling by Will's chair, and she added some complimentary remarks, which I am not at all sure my friend deserved. But wives of the right kind are apt to see a great many more virtues than any one else can, and husbands, I fear, are not always severely modest about accepting these estimates. At any rate, instead of disclaiming the compliment, Will looked quite happy over it.

But just then his wife saw him turn white as a sheet, while his eyes stared as if in horror, and she caught him just in time to keep him from the floor.

For a few minutes there was great consternation in the room, and then a rapid change; and Spanish friends and husband and wife were all tangled in a muddle of hugs and tears and exclamations.

And what do you imagine had scared him so?

Merely this—his unthinking eyes had taken note that his hand was stroking his wife's hair. Well? Yes, but it was the left hand—the withered arm that in three years and seven months to that very day had never moved a muscle nor had a sensation!

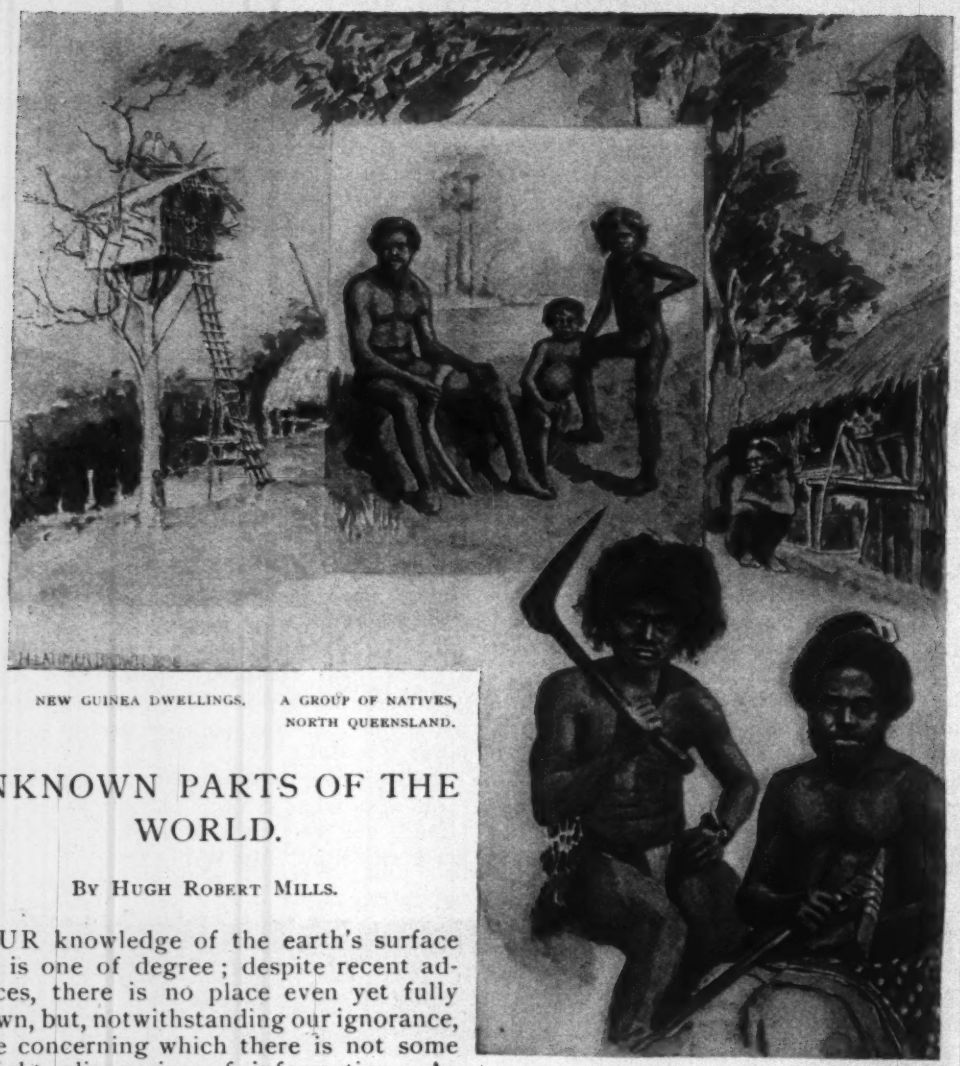
The little clot of blood in the brain had wholly moved on, at last, and left my friend a well man again.

All this was some time ago, and nowadays everything seems to go swimmingly with my friend. "The great lesson it taught me," he says, "is that man was meant to be, and ought to be, stronger and more than anything that can happen to him. Circumstances, 'fate,' 'luck,' are all outside, and if he cannot always change them he can always beat them."

I have taken these experiences of Will's a good deal to heart, seeing how much good they have done him; but perhaps he will object to my so free use of him to point a moral?

N-no, I'm quite sure not; he rarely finds fault with what I do. In fact, such close friends are we that I sometimes affectionately call him "My Will."

THE DARK ADOBE BECAME A HOME.



NEW GUINEA DWELLINGS. A GROUP OF NATIVES, NORTH QUEENSLAND.

NEW CALEDONIAN MAN. A NATIVE OF MARÉ LOYALTY ISLES.

UNKNOWN PARTS OF THE WORLD.

By Hugh Robert Mills.

OUR knowledge of the earth's surface is one of degree; despite recent advances, there is no place even yet fully known, but, notwithstanding our ignorance, none concerning which there is not some twilight glimmering of information. As exploration proceeds, and as it is followed up by detailed scientific study, wave after wave of knowledge flows over the earth's surface, each forming, as it consolidates, the ground upon which the next will spread, and with each advance geography is able to picture the earth more clearly, and to explain its economy more fully. With it all we will never be able to say, "The earth is known," for science cannot exhaust the infinite opportunities for research which nature presents.

Exploration has proceeded from many centres, urged by many motives. Explorations such as result from the pressure of natural conditions and the movements they produce, differ little from the slower migrations of animals and plants when subjected to a changing environment. But distinctively human impulses are also at work, less effectively in the long run, although more strikingly at the moment. Personal ambition in rulers, leading to wars for the sake of conquest or aggrandizement of territory, brought about great explorations at different historical periods. Thus Alexander of Macedon explored the route to India, and thus the Mongol empires of the middle ages were extended from the Pacific to the Caspian. Similarly, though with less pomp and circumstance, the plundering raids of the Northmen developed a magnificent system of discovery from Scandinavia. The pursuit of wealth, or, to speak plainly, greed of gain, has emerged from the pirate into the trading stage, but it is still the most potent magnet to the explorer. No desert is so arid, no mountain so high, no climate so pestilential, as to

hold man apart from the precious metals, the glittering bait which has led to the opening up of so many remote lands. Religious enthusiasm is another powerful incentive to travel, and since the era of the two great cosmopolitan religions, Christianity and Mohammedanism, the missionary and the religious warrior have even outstripped the trader. The love of adventure and sport have many a time, in all the ages, drawn young fellows into the unknown, and this stimulus was never more active than now. The spirit of pure curiosity, also, is no mean motive, and it has developed by degrees into the desire for scientific knowledge, the last impulse to exploration. In one sense it is the most powerful. It leads men to push into regions where there is no territory worth annexing and the political explorer will not go; where there are neither commodities nor markets and the trader does not enter; where there are no human inhabitants and even the missionary passes by. It has got over the barrier of immediate utility reared by the masterful logic of contracted common sense.

To the Greek and Roman "the known world" meant the Mediterranean shores and a nebulous belt beyond; to the mediæval merchant of southern Europe, it was Europe, the north of Africa, and a vague stretch of Asia; and to the Northmen, it included Greenland and America. To the primitive tribes scattered over the earth the known world is rarely more than the narrow circle lighted by the fires of their village. Of old, each isolated community saw the world affected by its own special parallax and bounded by its own powers of vision; now all civilized people look on the whole earth from the same centre.

In attempting to give an idea of the unknown parts of the earth, we must first accept some test by which to define the unknown, and then try to discover why the unknown has not yet been explored. The detail with which a region can be mapped is the best measure of the amount of our knowledge regarding its surface. This depends on the accuracy of the exploration which has been made. Stanley drew the first map of the Congo basin from very rough observations; it was only a beginning, but it marked an era in our knowledge of Africa. The Ordnance Survey of the United Kingdom, after making measurements of the minutest delicacy stretching over a hundred years, has not yet completed a large scale map of Eng-

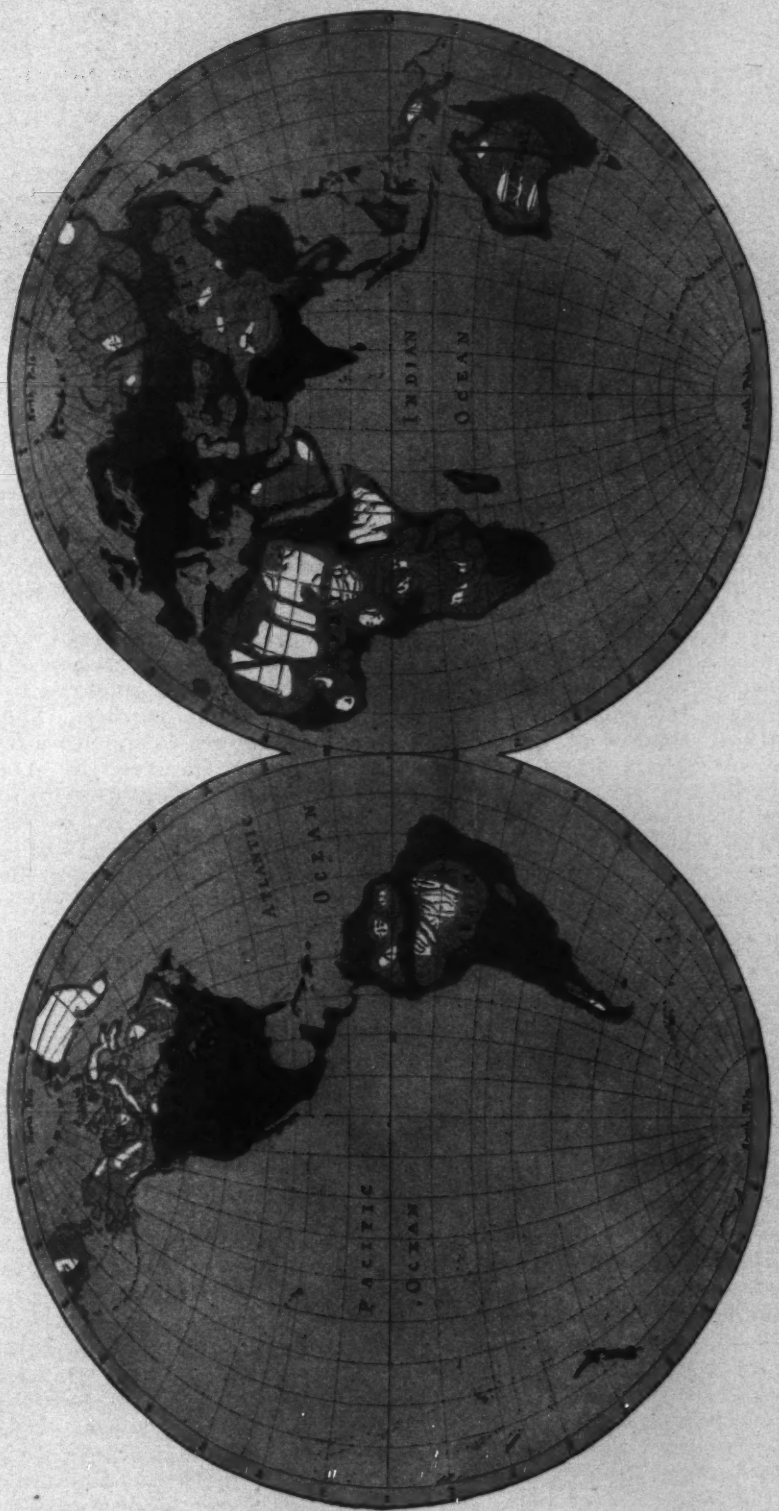
A GROUP OF NATIVES, TERRA DEL FUEGO.

A GROUP OF LADAKHIS, CENTRAL ASIA.

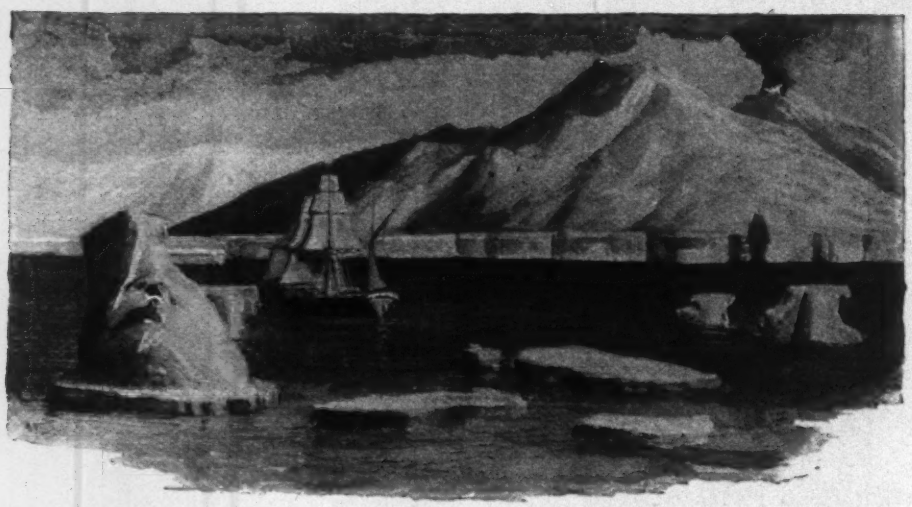
land. As the wave of exact topographical exploration advances, it is being followed in every civilized country by a wave of accurate geological exploration, the outcome of which is the geological map. That again should be followed—though of this there is as yet no sign anywhere—by the special surveys necessary for good maps of the distribution of climate, vegetation, economic products, population, and industries. In a sense, any region is unknown until all these surveys have been completed; but, for the present purpose, we accept as our test of a land's being unknown the impossibility of drawing some sort of topographical map from actual observations.

The sea-bed may be excluded from consideration for the present; the subject is too large and interesting to divide attention with the land. With so many powerful motives driving the adventurous into the unknown, it is plain that the *terræ incognitæ* of to-day must be invested by tremendous obstacles to exploration. These areas of high resistance may be shown on a map in several ways. One of the most effective is that which shows by color the degree of detail possible in the best maps of the land surface of the globe. Accurate maps based on exact trigonometrical surveys exist only for the belt of Europe stretching from the south of Sweden to the north of Spain, and from the British Isles to the Volga; for the northern strip of Algiers and the Nile delta in Africa; Palestine and part of the Indian Empire in Asia; the coast of the United States, and a patchwork of States irregularly scattered across the continent in North America. That constitutes the known world, if knowledge is to be based on complete measurement. Only one hundred thousand square miles, or one-thirtieth part, of the United States (excluding Alaska) is, according to Mr. H. Gannett, sufficiently known to allow of maps on a scale of one inch to a mile. An equal area of the United Kingdom is mapped on the scale of twenty-five inches to a mile. It is a surprising fact that considerable parts even of the States of New York and Maine have not been sufficiently explored to allow of their accurate representation on a scale so modest as one to one million, or one-sixteenth of an inch to a mile.

Although not accurately surveyed, the whole of Europe, most of Asia, North America south of sixty degrees north, South America, except the vast Amazon valley, and a broad coast belt round Africa and Australia, may be mapped from general surveys, or numerous observations made by many competent travellers. North of sixty degrees north, and south of fifty degrees south, all round the world, in the Amazon valley, the interior of Africa, Central Australia, Arabia, Tibet, Central Asia, Borneo, and New Guinea, the maps which exist are founded on hypothetical and often quite conjectural information, and in the heart of each of these regions there is a larger or smaller tract of land which may be said to be really unknown. It is to these we desire to give special attention.



THE WORLD AS KNOWN IN 1894. THE BLACK PARTS ARE FULLY SURVEYED; THE BLACKISH PARTS ARE MAPPED FAIRLY WELL; OF THE LIGHT PARTS THE MAPPING IS LARGELY CONJECTURAL; AND THE WHITE PARTS ARE UNEXPLORED.



SOUTH POLAR SEA.

Africa, so long the "dark continent" with regard to exploration, is now fairly familiar to the geographer; but it is the natural starting point for our survey. The unknown Africa of to-day is a shrunken remnant of what it was twenty years ago. There, as elsewhere, the causes which have retarded the exploration of certain tracts are mainly physical, but partly also artificial. The darkest shadow of ignorance rests upon the vast Sahara desert, and the penumbra broods over the Sudan, which bounds the desert southward. One-fifth of the whole African continent is desert, the area being estimated by Mr. Ravenstein at over two and a quarter million square miles, of which all but a small fraction is contained in the tract of land popularly known as the Sahara.

Except for some school children who know better, and school teachers who are instrumental in that being so, the misconception of the Sahara, which is wide-spread, would be practically universal. The average man pictures the Sahara as a vast sea of sand, for the most part below sea level, across which the camel speeds before the poison blast of the simoon from oasis to oasis. Schemes for flooding the Sahara have come before the public, occasionally, and we have read accounts of the vast inland sea which might be formed, rivalling the Mediterranean in size, giving a southern seacoast to Morocco and Algeria, and admitting steamers directly to the wealthy states of the Sudan. The Sahara, as known to the geographer, corresponds badly with this conception; for, in fact, there is no risk of the "ship of the desert" ever being supplanted by the ships of the sea. Few parts are below sea level, and they are small and scattered. In the interior the desert is a plain high above sea level, covered with vast dunes of red sand in many parts; in others it is an elevated plateau with lofty mountain ranges of bare rocks intersected by stony valleys. It is arid, save where a spring bubbles up and gives rise to a small oasis of grass and palm trees. The Sahara proper is unknown, except for a few trade routes regularly traversed by Arabs, and occasionally by adventurous Europeans. These utilize the oases as resting places, stepping-stones as it were, and keep up communication between the wealthy Mohammedan states round Lake Chad in the south, and Tripoli, Tunis, Algiers, or Morocco on the Mediterranean. Between the trade routes all is a bank of sand or barren rock. Exploration is only possible when water as well as food can be carried, and this condition has practically stopped all attempts at discovery for the present, on account of the great expense and the purely scientific nature of the possible return. A railway running from the French possessions on the Mediterranean across the desert to Timbuktu, the scarcely-known trade-centre near the Niger, is talked of. Such a line may be constructed in the future, but the difficulties are enormous, much greater than those overcome by the Russians in the Transcaspian line through the deserts of Central Asia. French enterprise is at present concentrating on the Sahara, both from north and south. It is shown not only by brilliant journeys, such as that of Monteil from the Gulf of Guinea past Lake Chad to the Mediterranean, but by a steady advance of outposts from Algeria,

and the consolidation of communications with headquarters. Artesian wells have fixed these outposts and converted them into permanent settlements, and as time reveals the extension of water-bearing strata beneath the sand, it may become possible not only to penetrate the last recesses of Africa, but to turn them to practical account. In the Libyan desert of the East, all efforts to force a way across the sands have failed, the frightful extremes of climate and the absolute want of wells having compelled every expedition to return.

The richly cultivated region of the Sudan, stretching from sea to sea south of the Sahara, is full of blanks on the map, places unknown, not because of physical obstacles, but from the organized resistance of the nations of comparatively civilized Mohammedan negroes who inhabit it. Their fanaticism and determination to exclude strangers have kept many places unknown to the present day. But, seeking a market for European and American goods, commercial travellers are steadily pressing in, the advantages of external trade are dawning on the natives, and now the "spheres of influence" of the various European powers are spreading over Bagirmi, Wadai, Darfur, and the other scarcely known kingdoms, as they have already embraced Sokoto, Bornu, and Adamawa.

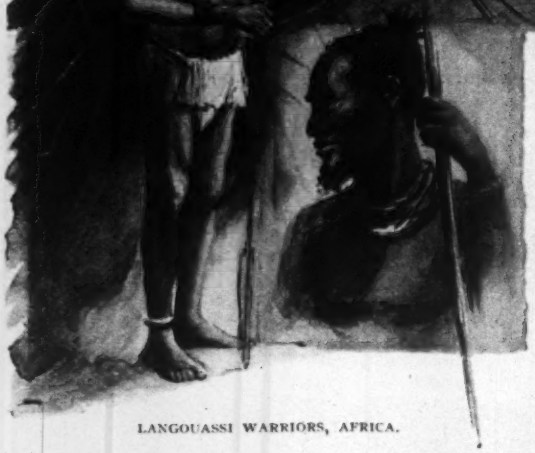
Resistance to exploration again rises high from physical causes in the rainy belt of equatorial Africa, which nourishes the darkest forests of the Congo Basin, and here the graphic descriptions, by which Mr. H. M. Stanley has made real the heat and gloom of the forest depths, their solitude and horror, their pygmy and cannibal inhabitants lurking out of sight, but always near to harass a traveller, serve well to picture the yet unknown expanses across which he was the first to force a path.

No room remains in Africa for discoveries of the first magnitude; no more snow-clad ranges, no more lakes of boundless horizon, no more rivers to rank with the Nile, Congo, and Niger remain in hiding, but there is scope for centuries of accurate surveying and scientific study.

A few years ago, when Mr. James published his "Unknown Horn of Africa," the Somaliland peninsula was forbidden ground. White travellers could only enter it by evading the orders of their own government and risking the attacks of the warlike Soma tribes who fought and ruled in the interior. Vast gaps are still left in this region, and for many years it will afford

PARINARI INDIANS, SOUTH AMERICA.

LANGOUASSI VILLAGE OF MAKOBOU.



LANGOUASSI WARRIORS, AFRICA.

sport for adventurous travellers to whom danger brings joy. Recent journeys have shown that the chiefs may be pacified by judicious treatment, and that much information may be collected amongst the people by the exercise of tact and good nature.

Arabia is physically a dependency of Africa, as Africa has been for five hundred years commercially a possession of the Arabs. Here travel has its most romantic possibilities. The sacred cities of Mecca and Medina would be entirely unknown were it not for the marvellous orientalism of Burton, Palgrave, and a few other Europeans who, disguised as devout Mussulman pilgrims, made their way to holy places, where a mere suspicion of their fraud would have meant instant death. The true Arab, removed from the degrading influences of town life, travelling in patriarchal state with his flocks and his herds of incomparable horses, is the finest gentleman in the world. Even the degenerate scoundrels who poison Africa with their slave raids, and can only boast a traditional trace of Arab blood, retain manners which are the admiration of every white traveller who has come their way. Again and again Arab slave traders have saved and brought to the coast Europeans whom they knew to be the bitterest enemies of themselves and their system, and this without promise of reward. But the stately Arab at home keeps within the habitable area of which a little definite information exists, and the vast red sand desert filling Southern Arabia from Nejd to the Hadramut valley is uninhabited if not untraversable. Here is an absolutely unknown region, where no traveller has been able to face the shifting sands, the extremes of temperature, and the absence of water.

Again and again, in other parts of Asia, similar conditions are found, always associated with blank spaces in our maps. More than a million square miles of absolute desert exist in that continent, and this desert is growing. Places which five centuries ago were mighty cities, roaring with the trade of the high road between Europe and Cathay, and frequented by merchants of every nation, are now almost unrecognizable heaps of ruins, gradually being engulfed in shifting sand. Owing to its progressive drying up, Central Asia is less known now than it was when Marco Polo made his great journey in the fourteenth century. "The native of Turfan," says Grijmailo, a recent Russian traveller, "is digging his own grave when he draws off the water from the hill-slopes to irrigate his fields." The land, deprived of its natural moisture, can no longer support the grass which holds it together, and so the surface resolves itself into loose sand, which drifts across the irrigated fields, and even

invades the towns. Against this sand there can be no resistance. The ruined cities of the Gobi attest its past victories. In the wilds of the Tarim River, and round the shrinking salt lake, Lob Nor, into which that vast stream flows, the Russian explorer, Prejevalski, and his successors have discovered many wonders previously unsuspected. They saw the wild horse and the wild camel, which breed in the still unknown valleys of the ranges buttressing the loftiest plateau in the world. They reached isolated communities, shut out from neighboring settlements by the extending deserts, and many such must still exist unknown. In one lonely spot this notice was found displayed on the shores of a small lake: "It is forbidden, under penalty of instant death, to violate the tranquillity of this holy land. There must be not only no shooting and no tree cutting, but cattle may not even be pastured here, that they may not trample under foot the herbage belonging to God's creatures." But no one appeared to enforce the penalty. The difficulties of travel among the interminable mountains, over passes deep in snow at midsummer, across plateaus fifteen thousand feet above the sea, where, with an almost tropical sun, the wind blows as keen as it does in Greenland, have been vividly described by Rockhill, Bonvalot, Littledale, and the Russian explorers, and it is cause for wonder that so little land still lies unmapped in these regions.

Approaching the Himalaya range, which shuts off the Indian frontier from Central Asia, the country becomes less known still. Political obstacles are added to the physical difficulties. No white stranger is admitted across the passes to Tibet from the border states on the Himalayas, the Indian government enforcing this restriction, and taking no responsibility even for British officers who venture on surveying expeditions into the prohibited area. The sacred town of Lhassa has been the dream of many an ardent explorer; but, since Huc's visit fifty years ago, everyone has been turned away. Mr. W. W. Rockhill, the scholarly American diplomatist who last year received the gold medal of the Royal Geographical Society for his remarkable travels in Tibet, could not get within three days' journey of the sacred city, and others since have been equally unsuccessful. Trained native surveyors from India have visited Lhassa in disguise, and by an ingenious adaptation of the rosary and prayer-wheel of the devout Buddhist, they have been able to take notes and make valuable observations without exciting suspicion.

Less known than Tibet, and in some ways more interesting, is the little state of Kafiristan, a nation of "unbelievers" wedged in between Mohammedan tribes. So absolute was the exclusion of foreigners, and so hopeless appeared the prospect of getting into the country, that Sir Henry Yule declared publicly in 1880: "When Kafiristan should have become thoroughly known, the time would have come for the Geographical Society to close its doors, for its work would then be pretty well concluded." Three years later MacNair, an Indian survey officer, succeeded in visiting the borderland of the country, and last year Dr. Robertson succeeded in traversing many of its wild valleys and in winning the friendship of its quaintly primitive tribes; but the end of geography is not yet.

Coasting along China and Korea the merchant skipper passes town after town where he is forbidden to land, and where no foreign trade of any kind can be done. China is, however, comparatively well mapped, the only really unknown region being Ordos, in the great bend of the Yellow River, in the loess country beyond the Great Wall. For many ages Korea justified its nickname of "The Hermit Nation." Self-contained, with a more than Chinese exclusiveness, it felt no need of outside help, and refused to welcome "foreign devils" to its shores. Now it has open ports and foreign representatives at its court, and only in the centre of the peninsula and northward toward the Manchurian border are there patches of mountain where the foreign foot has not yet trod.

The vast archipelago that unites Asia and Australia, although almost the first part of the true Orient to be visited by traders from the West, retains much of the unknown. Java alone has been surveyed and studied as minutely as a European country. The huge interior of Borneo teems with possibilities of exploration, and in its central mountains it locks up one of the most interesting problems yet unsolved regarding the geographical distribution of animals. New Guinea, also, has its mountain problem. Although the Owen Stanley Range in the east was surmounted by Sir William Macgregor three years ago, the Charles Louis Range in the west remains an untouched field, rearing snow-clad crests, almost at the equator, to the height of over twenty thousand feet. In New Guinea the pestilential climate of the coast strip and the savage character of the

CASHMERE DANCING-GIRL.

BROKPA TYPES, IN THE HIMALAYAS.

natives have proved too much for most of the attempts at exploration. The difficulties are akin to those besetting African travel at its worst, and the inducements to persevere are enormously less. It would seem that the people shun the mountains, looking on the lofty slopes with horror, and in some places, at least, believing them to be tenanted by the ghosts of their dead chiefs, rendered terribly dangerous by the uncongenial region which they are forced to inhabit.

In Australia we are hardly surprised to find a considerable area still untraversed. Wherever the squatter could find grazing lands for his sheep, or the miner could detect traces of ore, the land has been overrun and more or less settled; and a rim of known territory encircles the continent, widest on the east and narrowest on the west. Occasionally, intrepid explorers with horses, or, latterly, camels, have made their way across the arid regions of the interior in various directions, or perished of thirst and starvation in the desert. A great overland telegraph line, running from the southern to the northern coasts of South Australia, bisects the continent, and it is to the west of that line that the largest unexplored areas still remain. Here, in the Great Victoria Desert on the south, a tract of land larger than the British Islands has scarcely been entered by a white man, and in the Great Sandy Desert, further north, the unknown territory is hardly less. The obstacles which have so long guarded the unknown regions are almost entirely physical. There are hostile natives who resent the high-handed intrusion of the white strangers, and these natives are perhaps the most degraded and least attractive of all primitive people. But they are few in number, and not formidable to armed travellers. The chief difficulty is want of water, and a climate not only extreme, but exceptionally uncertain. While there is no rain there can be no grass, and this makes it all but impossible to employ beasts of burden or to expect game for food. But in Australia the aridity is aggravated by vast tracts of otherwise barren ground covered by thorny groves of scrub. Now it is mulga, like a thick carpet concealing the ground; again mallee, a dense growth like reeds, too high to see over, and too close to push through. And in places where there is grass, it is of the spinifex kind, uneatable by cattle and wounding even the feet of horses with its dagger-like leaves. There is regular desert, too, in plenty—undulating expanses of red sand heaped into dunes by the prevailing wind, or flat clay pans whitened by salt, the remnant of some evaporated lake. Here and there are water holes, or links of aimless river bed, with no apparent beginning or end. And everywhere the typical desert climate of unbearable extremes makes travel an intolerable burden. Only at times, perhaps years apart, heavy rains fall in the deserts; foaming torrents dash down the gullies, the water holes expand into lakes, and a rim of verdure widens over the sand, to wither and vanish as the usual climate returns. Once a party was confined to their tents for days by deluges of rain in a desert where rain had never been seen before.

While it is in the oldest part of the Old World that the geographical problems are

most difficult and most fascinating, there are many also in the New World. The original exploration of South America was carried out in an incredibly short time. Spanish ships were almost at the head waters of the Platte and the Amazon before Europe had awakened to the discovery of a new continent. Yet the basin of the Amazon is now one of the least known parts of the world. The conditions of climate and forest growth approach those of the Congo Basin, although there are greater facilities of communication with the sea. Between every pair of tributaries, which converge to the main river through the vast forest like the veins of a giant leaf to its stem, there lies a stretch of land of which we know practically nothing, covered with vegetation that has never been studied, inhabited by birds, beasts, and insects that are still unrepresented in museums, and wandered through by savage tribes of whose ways and language we are ignorant.

The Latin-Americans do not make the best explorers. The excitement of their political geography, with its frequent changes, perhaps diverts their attention from the physical, except in the earthquake region of the West, where nature rivals politics in its revolutions. Such exploration as is now being carried on is mainly done by Germans in the service of the South American government. The difficulties of climate and supplies, and the wildness of the country on the eastern slopes of the Andes, have hitherto prevented the complete study of the Amazon valley. In the south, among the shingle deserts of Patagonia and the dreary archipelago of Terra del Fuego, the traveller may still hope to traverse land that no white foot has trod before.

In North America the higher activities of the North European races, by whom it was peopled upon its discovery, have left little to be done, save in the farthest north, in the way of preliminary survey. The continent in the centre has almost been explored by railway, so rapidly have the most remote and inaccessible settlements been linked to the thoroughfares of commerce. What remains to do is to fill in details, continue surveys, and secure some

A TIBETAN ENCAMPMENT.

sort of uniformity of work amongst the various states and provinces. In North America, as well as in every other continent, there are innumerable small points left to be settled. Mount St. Elias is still too active in the dance between high and low elevations; a higher summit in its neighborhood has just been "discovered by browsing around in a table of logarithms," and innumerable peaks remain to be ascended. We ought, indeed, to have dilated on the future room for mountaineering exploits in the snows of all parts of the world. No man has yet climbed higher than twenty-three thousand feet anywhere, and none higher than twenty thousand feet in America. And above these points there are thousands of feet to be attained—the most difficult thousands, and, therefore, the most fascinating to the true mountaineer.

From the frigid zones of altitude we must turn, in conclusion, to the frigid zones of latitude, where alone in the world remain millions of square miles which may be land surface that has never felt the foot of man.

Of Arctic exploration we have spoken in a previous paper in this magazine, and new chapters of that book of travels will be written ere long by the hands of the heroes of travel, who are now carving out for themselves the path to the Pole.

Neglect has met every proposal of Antarctic research for half a century. The Antarctic circle surrounds an area of over eight million square miles, an area larger than all North America, and this has only been crossed to any distance in two places —southeast of South America, and south of New Zealand. It is more than fifty years since the almost simultaneous expeditions of Wilkes from the United States, D'Urville from France, and Ross from Britain sailed round this enchanted circle, venturing across it here and there, but attaining a really high latitude only south of New Zealand, where Ross, in 1842, sighted the giant volcanoes which perpetuate the names of his ships "Erebus" and "Terror," in latitude seventy-eight degrees south. Here he saw bare rock and every sign of an extensive land; but for the rest, all round the circle of ten thousand miles, there rises a vast wall of ice, broken south of each of the continents by signs of land evident in naked rocks. The barrier-wall of the south is surrounded by detached masses of floating ice, great table-shaped bergs, which drift slowly northward like armed cruisers preserving the *status quo* of isolation. No ship willingly ventures amongst the southern ice, but many times the ice, drifting northward into the great ocean street along which the "brave west winds" drive the mercantile navies of the world, has silently surrounded and sunk a hapless vessel. The Scottish and Norwegian whalers which spent the summer of 1892–93 in sealing south of the Falklands did not try to press within the advance guard of the ice floes. But their observations were of considerable scientific value. This year, however, the Norwegian whaler "Jason" had the honor of being the first steamer to pass to any appreciable distance south of the Antarctic circle, the "Challenger," twenty years before, having barely crossed it. So much attention has lately been concentrated on the unknown south polar regions, and so many problems of physical geography have been shown to centre there, that at last the time seems near when another attempt must be made. Ross, with his sailing ships, made his way far south in 1842 and 1843 without exceptional difficulty. Weddell, in 1823, reached almost to seventy-five degrees south in a very small vessel; and Captain Cook, in 1774, also crossed the seventieth parallel. A modern steam-whaler would experience little difficulty in repeating and surpassing these feats; and there is scarcely any doubt that a closer scrutiny would reveal fjord-like openings or wide bays in the unbroken ice-barrier of the earlier voyagers. Perhaps clear channels of water may exist, leading across the area in a good season. For all scientific purposes exploration in the south will yield a far surer and richer reward than in the north. It is the last chance left for a man of wealth to write his name across a thousand miles of blank space on the map of the world. The opportunity is now open to any one to find a continent and solve the last gigantic problem of exploration, and a hundred thousand dollars spent in this direction would certainly bring in the grandest harvest of pure exploration left to be reaped from the field of the world. The last great blot of ignorance might be wiped from the globe before the dawn of the twentieth century.

THE DOOM OF LONDON.

By Robert Barr.

I.

THE SELF-CONCEIT OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY.

I TRUST I am thankful my life has been spared until I have seen that most brilliant epoch of the world's history—the middle of the twentieth century. It would be useless for any man to disparage the vast achievements of the past fifty years; and if I venture to call attention to the fact, now apparently forgotten, that the people of the nineteenth century succeeded in accomplishing many notable things, it must not be imagined that I intend thereby to discount in any measure the marvellous inventions of the present age. Men have always been somewhat prone to look with a certain condescension upon those who lived fifty or a hundred years before them. This seems to me the especial weakness of the present age; a feeling of national self-conceit, which, when it exists, should at least be kept as much in the background as possible. It will astonish many to know that such also was a failing of the people of the nineteenth century. They imagined themselves living in an age of progress; and while I am not foolish enough to attempt to prove that they did anything really worth recording, yet it must be admitted by any unprejudiced man of research that their inventions were at least stepping-stones to those of to-day. Although the telephone and telegraph, and all other electrical appliances, are now to be found only in our national museums, or in the private collections of those few men who take any interest in the doings of the last century, nevertheless, the study of the now obsolete science of electricity led up to the recent discovery of vibratory ether which does the work of the world so satisfactorily. The people of the nineteenth century were not fools; and although I am well aware that this statement will be received with scorn where it attracts any attention whatever, yet who can say that the progress of the next half-century may not be as great as that of the one now ended, and that the people of the next century may not look upon us with the same contempt which we feel toward those who lived fifty years ago?

Being an old man, I am, perhaps, a laggard who dwells in the past rather than the present; still it seems to me that such an article as that which appeared recently in *Blackwood* from the talented pen of Pro-

"CLOUDS OF BLACK SMOKE WERE POURED FORTH."

fessor Mowberry, of Oxford University, is utterly unjustifiable. Under the title of "Did the People of London deserve their Fate?" he endeavors to show that the simultaneous blotting out of millions of human beings was a beneficial event, the good results of which we still enjoy. According to him, Londoners were so dull-witted and stupid, so incapable of im-

provement, so sodden in the vice of mere money-gathering, that nothing but their total extinction would have sufficed, and that, instead of being an appalling catastrophe, the doom of London was an unmixed blessing. In spite of the unanimous approval with which this article has been received by the press, I still maintain that such writing is uncalled for, and that there is something to be said for the London of the nineteenth century.

II.

WHY LONDON, WARNED, WAS UNPREPARED.

The indignation I felt in first reading the article alluded to still remains with me, and it has caused me to write these words, giving some account of what I must still regard, in spite of the sneers of the present age, as the most terrible disaster that ever overtook a portion of the human race. I shall not endeavor to place before those who read, any record of the achievements pertaining to the time in question. But I would like to say a few words about the alleged stupidity of the people of London in making no preparations for a disaster regarding which they had continual and ever-recurring warning. They have been compared with the inhabitants of Pompeii making merry at the foot of a volcano. In the first place, fogs were so common in London, especially in winter, that no particular attention was paid to them. They were merely looked upon as inconvenient annoyances, interrupting traffic and prejudicial to health; but I doubt if any one thought it possible for a fog to become one vast smothering mattress pressed down upon a whole metropolis, extinguishing life as if the city suffered from hopeless hydrophobia. I have read that victims bitten by mad dogs were formerly put out of their sufferings in that way, although I doubt much if such things were ever actually done, notwithstanding the charges of savage barbarity now made against the people of the nineteenth century.

Probably the inhabitants of Pompeii were so accustomed to the eruptions of Vesuvius that they gave no thought to the possibility of their city being destroyed by a storm of ashes and an overflow of lava. Rain frequently descended upon London, and if a rainfall continued long enough it would certainly have flooded the metropolis, but no precautions were taken against a flood from the clouds. Why, then, should the people have been expected to prepare for a catastrophe from fog, such as there had never been any experience of in the world's history? The people of London were far from being the sluggish dolts present-day writers would have us believe.

III.

THE COINCIDENCE THAT CAME AT LAST.

As fog has now been abolished both on sea and land, and as few of the present generation have even seen one, it may not be out of place to give a few lines on the subject of fogs in general, and the London fogs in particular, which through local peculiarities differed from all others. A fog was simply watery vapor rising from the marshy surface of the land or from the sea, or condensed into a cloud from the saturated atmosphere. In my day, fogs were a great danger at sea, for people then travelled by means of steamships that sailed upon the surface of the ocean.

London at the end of the nineteenth century consumed vast quantities of a soft bituminous coal for the purpose of heating rooms and of preparing food. In the morning and during the day, clouds of black smoke were poured forth from thousands of chimneys. When a mass of white vapor arose in the night, these clouds of smoke fell upon the fog, pressing it down, filtering slowly through it, and adding to its density. The sun would have absorbed the fog but for the layer of smoke that lay thick above the vapor and prevented its rays reaching it. Once this condition of things prevailed, nothing could clear London but a breeze of wind from any direction. London frequently had a seven days' fog, and sometimes a seven days' calm, but these two conditions never coincided until the last year of the last century. The coincidence, as every one knows, meant death—death so wholesale that no war the earth has ever seen left such slaughter behind it. To understand the situation, one has only to imagine the fog as taking the place of the ashes at Pompeii, and the coal-smoke as being the lava that covered it. The result to the inhabitants in both cases was exactly the same.

IV.

THE AMERICAN WHO WANTED TO SELL.

I was at the time confidential clerk to the house of Fulton, Brixton & Co., a firm in

Cannon Street, dealing largely in chemicals and chemical apparatus. Fulton I never knew; he died long before my time. Sir John Brixton was my chief—knighted, I believe, for services to his party, or because he was an official in the city during some royal progress through it; I have forgotten which. My small room was next to his large one, and my chief duty was to see that no one had an interview with Sir John unless he was an important man or had important business. Sir John was a difficult man to see, and a difficult man to deal with when he was seen. He had little respect for most men's feelings, and none at all for mine. If I allowed a man to enter his room who should have been dealt with by one of the minor members of the company, Sir John made no effort to conceal his opinion of me. One day, in the autumn of the last year of the century, an American was shown into my room. Nothing would do but he must have an interview with Sir John Brixton. I told him that it was impossible, as Sir John was extremely busy, but that if he explained his business to me I would lay it before Sir John at the first favorable opportunity. The American demurred at this, but finally accepted the inevitable. He was the inventor, he said, of a machine that would revolutionize life in London, and he wanted Fulton, Brixton & Co. to become agents for it. The machine, which he had in a small handbag with him, was of white metal, and it was so constructed that by turning an index it gave out greater or less volumes of oxygen gas. The gas, I understood, was stored in the interior in liquid form, under great pressure, and would last, if I remember rightly, for six months without recharging. There was also a rubber tube with a mouthpiece attached to it, and the American said that if a man took a few whiffs a day he would experience beneficial results. Now, I knew there was not the slightest use in showing the machine to Sir John, because we dealt in old-established British apparatus, and never in any of the new-fangled Yankee inventions. Besides, Sir John had a prejudice against Americans, and I felt sure this man would exasperate him, as he was a most cadaverous specimen of the race, with high nasal tones, and a most deplorable pronunciation, much given to phrases savoring of slang; and he exhibited also a certain nervous familiarity of demeanor toward people to whom he was all but a complete stranger. It was impossible for me to allow such a man to enter the presence of Sir John Brixton; and when he returned some days later I explained to him, I hope with courtesy, that the head of the house regretted very much his inability to consider his proposal regarding the machine. The ardor of the American seemed in no way dampened by this rebuff. He said I could not have explained the possibilities of the apparatus properly to Sir John; he characterized it as a great invention, and said it meant a fortune to whoever obtained the agency for it. He hinted that other noted London houses were anxious to secure it, but for some reason not stated he preferred to deal with us. He left some printed pamphlets referring to the invention, and said he would call again.

"THE FOG CAME DOWN UPON US."

V.

THE AMERICAN SEES SIR JOHN.

MANY a time I have since thought of that persistent American, and wondered

whether he left London before the disaster, or was one of the unidentified thousands who were buried in unmarked graves. Little did Sir John think, when he expelled him with some asperity from his presence, that he was turning away an offer of life, and that the heated words he used were, in reality, a sentence of death upon himself. For my own part, I regret that I lost my temper, and told the American his business methods did not commend themselves to me. Perhaps he did not feel the sting of this; indeed, I feel certain he did not, for, unknowingly, he saved my life. Be that as it may, he showed no resentment, but immediately asked me out to drink with him, an offer I was compelled to refuse. But I am getting ahead of my story. Indeed, being unaccustomed to writing, it is difficult for me to set down events in their proper sequence. The American called upon me several times after I told him our house could not deal with him. He got into the habit of dropping in upon me unannounced, which I did not at all like; but I gave no instructions regarding his intrusions, because I had no idea of the extremes to which he was evidently prepared to go. One day, as he sat near my desk reading a paper, I was temporarily called from the room. When I returned I thought he had gone, taking his machine with him; but a moment later I was shocked to hear his high nasal tones in Sir John's room, alternating with the deep notes of my chief's voice, which apparently exercised no such dread upon the American as upon those who were more accustomed to them. I at once entered the room, and was about to explain to Sir John that the American was there through no connivance of mine, when my chief asked me to be silent, and, turning to his visitor, requested him gruffly to proceed with his interesting narration. The inventor needed no second invitation, but went on with his glib talk, while Sir John's frown grew deeper, and his face became redder under his fringe of white hair. When the American had finished, Sir John roughly bade him begone, and take his accursed machine with him. He said it was an insult for a person with one foot in the grave to bring a so-called health invention to a robust man who never had a day's illness. I do not know why he listened so long to the American, when he had made up his mind from the first not to deal with him, unless it was to punish me for inadvertently allowing the stranger to enter. The interview distressed me exceedingly, as I stood there helpless, knowing Sir John was becoming more and more angry with every word the foreigner uttered; but, at last, I succeeded in drawing the inventor and his work into my own room and closing the door. I sincerely hoped I would never see the American again, and my wish was gratified. He insisted on setting his machine going and placing it on a shelf in my room. He asked me to slip it into Sir John's room some foggy day and note the effect. The man said he would call again, but he never did.

VI.

HOW THE SMOKE HELD DOWN THE FOG.

It was on a Friday that the fog came down upon us. The weather was very fine up to the middle of November that autumn. The fog did not seem to have anything unusual about it. I have seen many worse fogs than that appeared to be. As day followed day, however, the atmosphere became denser and darker, caused, I suppose, by the increasing volume of coal-smoke poured out upon it. The peculiarity about those seven days was the intense stillness of the air. We were, although we did not know it, under an air-proof canopy, and were slowly but surely exhausting the life-giving oxygen around us, and replacing it by poisonous carbonic acid gas. Scientific men have since shown that a simple mathematical calculation might have told us exactly when the last atom of oxygen would have been consumed; but it is easy to be wise after the event. The body of the greatest mathematician in England was found in the Strand. He came that morning from Cambridge. During a fog there was always a marked increase in the death rate, and on this occasion the increase was no greater than usual until the sixth day. The newspapers on the morning of the seventh were full of startling statistics, but at the time of going to press the full significance of the alarming figures was not realized. The editorials of the morning papers on the seventh day contained no warning of the calamity that was so speedily to follow their appearance. I lived then at Ealing, a Western suburb of London, and came every morning to Cannon Street by a certain train. I had up to the sixth day experienced no inconvenience from the fog, and this was largely due, I am convinced, to the unnoticed operations of the American machine. On the fifth and sixth days Sir John did not come to the city, but he was in his office on the seventh. The door

between his room and mine was closed. Shortly after ten o'clock I heard a cry in his room, followed by a heavy fall. I opened the door, and saw Sir John lying face downward on the floor. Hastening toward him, I felt for the first time the deadly effect of the deoxygenized atmosphere, and before I reached him I fell first on one knee and then headlong. I realized that my senses were leaving me, and instinctively crawled back to my own room, where the oppression was at once lifted, and I stood again upon my feet, gasping. I closed the door of Sir John's room, thinking it filled with poisonous fumes, as indeed it was. I called loudly for help, but there was no answer. On opening the door to the main office I met again what I thought was the noxious vapor. Speedily as I closed the door, I was impressed by the intense silence of the usually busy office, and saw that some of the clerks were motionless on the floor, and others sat with their heads on their desks as if asleep. Even at this awful moment I did not realize that what I saw was common to all London, and not, as I imagined, a local disaster, caused by the breaking of some carboys in our cellar. (It was filled with chemicals of every kind, of whose properties I was ignorant, dealing as I did with the accountant, and not the scientific, side of our business.) I opened the only window in my room, and again shouted for help. The street was silent and dark in the ominously still fog, and what now froze me with horror was meeting the same deadly, stifling atmosphere that was in the rooms. In falling, I brought down the window and shut out the poisonous air. Again I revived, and slowly the true state of things began to dawn upon me. I was in an oasis of oxygen. I at once surmised that the machine on my shelf was responsible for the existence of this oasis in a vast desert of deadly gas. I took down the American's machine, fearful in moving it that I might stop its working. Taking the mouthpiece between my lips I again entered Sir John's room, this time without feeling any ill effects. My poor master was long beyond human help. There was evidently no one alive in the building except myself. Out in the street all was silent and dark. The gas was extinguished; but here and there in shops the incandescent lights were still weirdly burning, depending as they did on accumulators, and not on direct engine power. I turned automatically toward Cannon Street station, knowing my way to it even if blindfolded, stumbling over bodies prone on the pavement, and in crossing the street I ran against a motionless 'bus spectral in the fog, with dead horses lying in front, and their reins dangling from the nerveless hand of a dead driver. The ghostlike passengers, equally silent, sat bolt upright, or hung over the edge-boards in attitudes horribly grotesque.

VII.

THE TRAIN WITH ITS TRAIL OF THE DEAD.

If a man's reasoning faculties were alert at such a time (I confess mine were dormant), he would have known there could be no trains at Cannon Street station; for if there was not enough oxygen in the air to keep a man alive, or a gas-jet alight, there would certainly not be enough to enable an engine fire to burn, even if the engineer retained sufficient energy to attend to his task. At times instinct is better than reason, and it proved so in this case. The railway, in those days, from Ealing came under the City in a deep tunnel. It would appear that in this underground passage the carbonic acid gas would first find a resting-place, on account of its weight; but such was not the fact. I imagine that a current through the tunnel

"FOUGHT LIKE DEMONS."

brought from the outlying districts a supply of comparatively pure air that, for some minutes after the general disaster, maintained human life. Be this as it may, the long platforms of Cannon Street underground station presented a fearful spectacle. A train stood at the down platform. The electric lights burned fitfully. This platform was crowded with men, who fought each other like demons, apparently for no reason, because the train was already packed as full as it could hold. Hundreds were dead under foot, and every now and then a blast of foul air came along the tunnel, whereupon hundreds more would relax their grips and succumb. Over their bodies the survivors fought, with continually thinning ranks. It seemed to me that most of those in the standing train were dead. Sometimes a desperate body of fighters climbed over those lying in heaps, and, throwing open a carriage door, hauled out passengers already in, and took their places, gasping. Those in the train offered no resistance, and lay motionless where they were flung, or rolled helplessly under the wheels of the train. I made my way along the wall as well as I could to the engine, wondering why the train did not go. The engineer lay on the floor of his cab, and the fires were out.

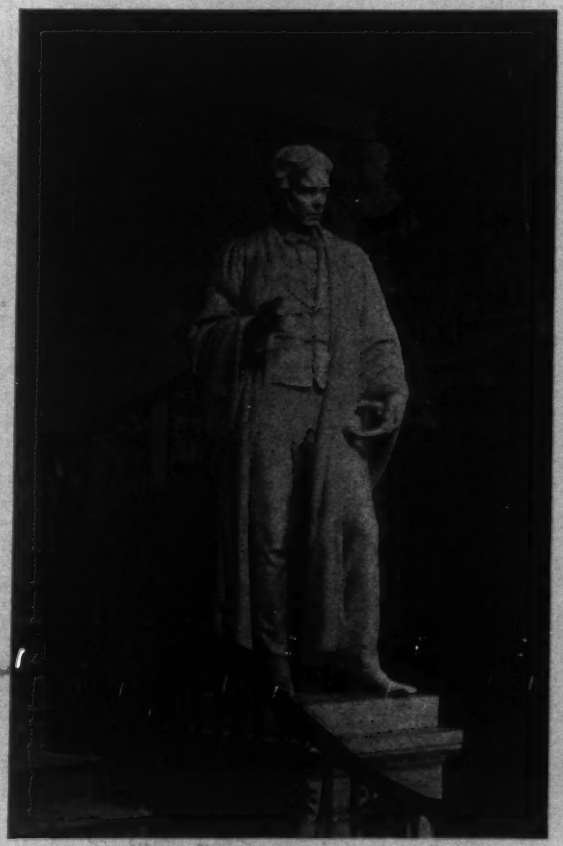
Custom is a curious thing. The struggling mob, fighting wildly for places in the carriages, were so accustomed to trains arriving and departing that it apparently occurred to none of them that the engineer was human and subject to the same atmospheric conditions as themselves. I placed the mouthpiece between his purple lips, and, holding my own breath like a submerged man, succeeded in reviving him. He said that if I gave him the machine he would take out the train as far as the steam already in the boiler would carry it. I refused to do this, but stepped on the engine with him, saying it would keep life in both of us until we got out into better air. In a surly manner he agreed to this and started the train, but he did not play fair. Each time he refused to give up the machine until I was in a fainting condition with holding in my breath, and finally he felled me to the floor of the cab. I imagine that the machine rolled off the train as I fell, and that he jumped after it. The remarkable thing is that neither of us needed the machine, for I remember that just after we started I noticed through the open iron door that the engine fire suddenly became aglow again, although at the time I was in too great a state of bewilderment and horror to understand what it meant. A western gale had sprung up—an hour too late. Even before we left Cannon Street those who still survived were comparatively safe, for one hundred and sixty-seven persons were rescued from that fearful heap of dead on the platforms, although many died within a day or two after, and others never recovered their reason. When I regained my senses after the blow dealt by the engineer, I found myself alone, and the train speeding across the Thames near Kew. I tried to stop the engine, but did not succeed. However, in experimenting, I managed to turn on the air brake, which in some degree checked the train, and lessened the impact when the crash came at Richmond terminus. I sprang off on the platform before the engine reached the terminal buffers, and saw passing me like a nightmare the ghastly train-load of the dead. Most of the doors were swinging open, and every compartment was jammed full, although, as I afterward learned, at each curve of the permanent way, or extra lurch of the train, bodies had fallen out all along the line. The smash at Richmond made no difference to the passengers. Besides myself, only two persons were taken alive from the train, and one of these, his clothes torn from his back in the struggle, was sent to an asylum, where he was never able to tell who he was; neither, as far as I know, did any one ever claim him.

THE SEARCH FOR THE ABSOLUTE ZERO.

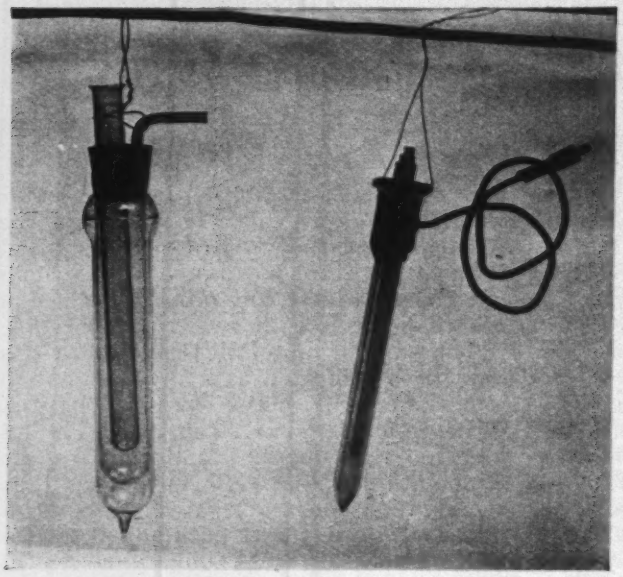
By Henry J. W. Dam.

THE search for the zero of absolute temperature is being rapidly pushed forward. It is one of the strangest and most important quests ever undertaken by science, and its attainment will have an effect upon our general knowledge of the universe and of matter, for instance, compared to which the results of the discovery of the North Pole will be trifling. The temperature of the absolute zero is supposed to be the lowest point of cold existing or possible in the universe. It is the supposed starting point of that molecular motion which we call heat. To attain it would give us the basis for a new and absolute thermometer, which would in itself be an enormous advantage in many branches of natural science, among which physics, chemistry, and astronomy would reap the greatest benefit. All our present measurements of heat are relative. A Fahrenheit thermometer merely marks the height in a tube attained by a column of mercury at the temperature of melting ice, and the height it attains at the temperature of boiling water. Between these two points the tube has been arbitrarily divided, the expansion of the mercury by heat being uniform, into one hundred and eighty equal parts, called degrees. The division is also continued below the freezing point of water, and thirty-two more degrees are marked off, creating an arbitrary zero. In the centigrade thermometer the zero is assumed at the freezing point of water, and 100° are marked off between that and the boiling point. In the Réaumur thermometer the zero is at the freezing point of water, and 80° are marked off on the tube between that and the boiling point. Consequently, under a given atmospheric pressure the boiling point of water is 212° Fahrenheit, 100° centigrade, and 80° Réaumur. In other words, our measure of heat in general use in all laboratories and observatories has nothing absolute about it, but is merely a convenient means of comparing the heat of any object or place with the effects of heat upon water. To discover the absolute zero and to make an absolute thermometer would change all this. It would set the science of heat upon an exact basis, and enable us to state how hot, absolutely and not comparatively, any object or place in nature might actually be.

The zero of absolute temperature has long been indicated as a mysterious and important point in two ways. The first is the contraction of gases, which in all known gases operates uniformly as the temperature is lowered. As long as they retain the gaseous state, gases shrink in volume so uniformly with each added degree of cold that an exact, unvarying line of diminishing volume is established. This line is as unvarying as the pointing of the needle to the North Pole. It cannot be explained any more than the action of the needle can be explained. As every gas



STATUE OF MICHAEL FARADAY IN THE ROYAL INSTITUTE.



No. 1. No. 2.

NO. 1 NEW AND NO. 2 OLD TYPE OF TUBE USED BY PROFESSOR DEWAR IN LIQUEFYING OXYGEN.

is cooled, however, degree by degree, it points unerringly, by the law of diminishing proportions, to a point at which its volume would be nothing. If the shrinkage continued, since the proportion of loss of volume never varies, the gas would shrink to nothingness. It could not do so, of course; and all gases, sooner or later, fall out of the line by becoming liquid, when the law ceases to operate, and the proportion of contraction in volume ceases to be the same. As long as they remain gases, however—and the law is precisely the same in all gases—they mechanically point their figurative fingers in one direction, and all these figurative fingers indicate a point which is 461° below the zero of the Fahrenheit thermometer.

In a similar way this point is also indicated by all the pure metals. At ordinary temperatures the power of the pure metals to conduct electricity varies exceedingly. Copper, iron, platinum, and lead have very different capacities in this regard. As they are cooled, however, a change takes place in all. The resistance to the passage of electricity decreases. The poorest conductors at ordinary temperatures are those which offer most resistance to the electrical current. Under increasing cold these become better conductors rapidly. The line of alteration in electrical resistance, as the temperature goes downward, is not alike in any two. But the lines of the several metals converge; they come closer and closer together as the temperature approaches, say, 328° below zero Fahrenheit. And these lines of convergence point, in the same strange way as the gases, to the same point, 461° below zero Fahrenheit, as the point at which they would all meet. In other words, there is a point at which the electrical conductivity of all pure metals would be the same.

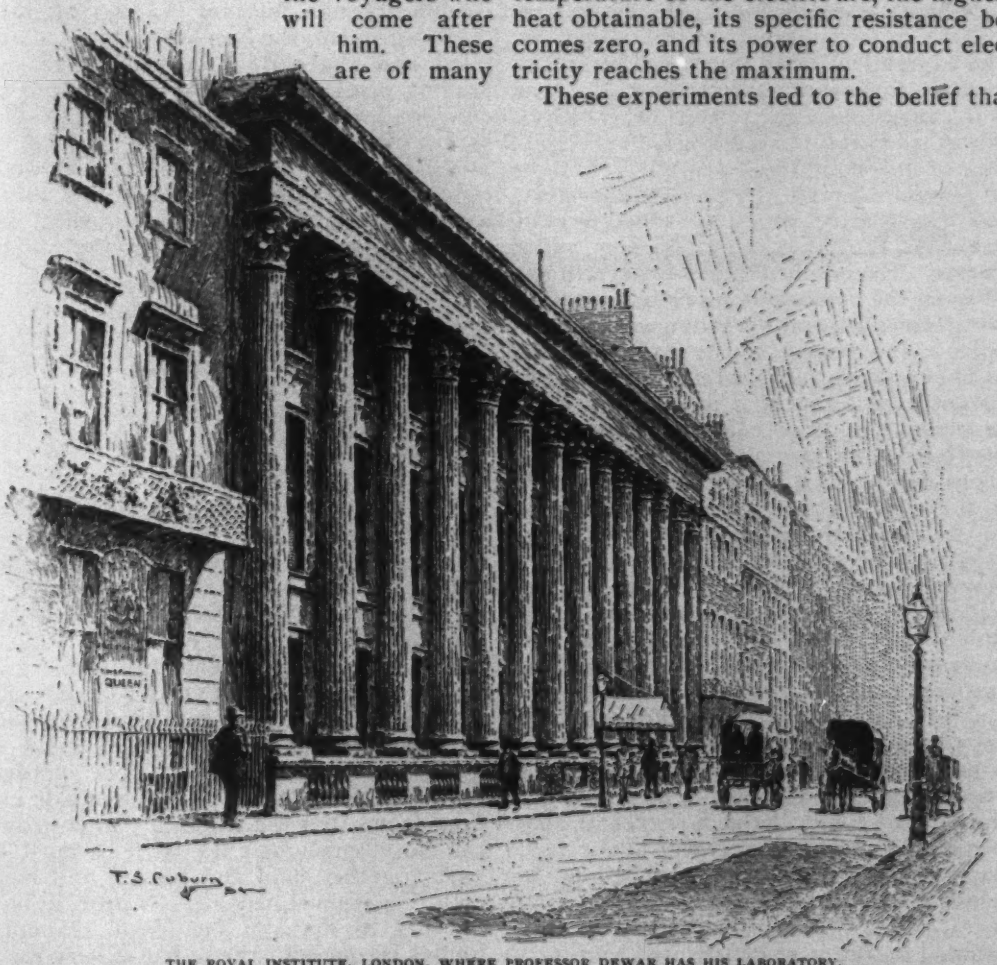
These are the two processes which have pointed out the zero of absolute temperature as a point of great importance. Moreover, as temperatures go downward, matter seems to die, to lose all its characteristics as we know them at ordinary temperatures. No two elements combine at ordinary temperatures with more powerful and flaming chemical energy than phosphorus and oxygen. Their chemical affinity is very great, and phosphorus burns in oxygen gas with great and powerful rapidity. But when a bit of phosphorus is put in a vessel of liquid oxygen, nothing can induce the two to combine. The phosphorus floats about in the liquid oxygen like a chip of wood in water. Chemical action, the force of chemical affinity, has ceased. This is true of all chemical action at this temperature; and so it is known that at 461° below zero Fahrenheit all matter, chemically speaking, must be dead. In fact, no greater cold than the temperature of the absolute zero can be conceived. There is nothing in nature by which to conceive it or express it. All those operations in nature by which the presence of heat becomes known to us, cease before that point is quite reached. Hydrogen, the most difficult of gases to liquefy, is known to take the liquid form by measurement and calculation at 400° below, and the solid form at −418°. Beyond the temperature of the absolute zero, as now assumed, we have no ideas, out of all the universe, with which to conceive greater cold, since all the differences in nature and in matter, caused by different degrees of heat, have disappeared. Consequently, the absolute zero has been conceived and adopted as the starting point, a point below which the absence of heat could not fall at any point in the universe known to man.

Professor Dewar, who has carried work-

ing temperatures 150° farther downward than anybody before him, is still 115° distant from the great and ultimate end of his pilgrimage. He is gazing across the waste of untraversed cold in front of him, exactly like certain explorers in the Arctic Circle at the present time. He has gone as far as he can with the appliances which he has been able to devise, and knows it. To devise other appliances, or at least to find the key to other appliances which others may, perhaps, perfect, is his study. Oxygen has yet to be solidified. Hydrogen has still to be liquefied, and once hydrogen is liquefied the end will be near, as only 43° will then remain for conquest, and the means will probably then be at hand. In the meantime, Professor Dewar has been engaged for many months past in charting the strange country he has reached, building up stores, so to speak, of scientific knowledge, and aggregating facts for the use of the scientific world in general and the voyagers who will come after him. These are of many kinds, the dull routine which devolves upon every original investigator imposing hard and painstaking duties upon the scientific spirit very much like those of religion in their way. His first field of investigation, when his liquid oxygen gave him a working temperature of 280° below zero at will, was the alteration at lower and lower temperatures of the power of metals to conduct electricity. He found, as stated, that all converged toward a common point in this respect, and that at the temperature named they became nearly equal. Thus copper, which is an exceptionally good conductor at ordinary temperatures, and nickel, which is exceptionally bad, come closely together long before the absolute zero is approached. Alloys of metals, on the contrary, show a different and more eccentric action.

In strange contradistinction to these, carbon becomes a worse and worse conductor as the temperature is lowered, while at the temperature of the electric arc, the highest heat obtainable, its specific resistance becomes zero, and its power to conduct electricity reaches the maximum.

These experiments led to the belief that



THE ROYAL INSTITUTE, LONDON, WHERE PROFESSOR DEWAR HAS HIS LABORATORY.

the molecular force or cohesion of metals also increased with lower and lower temperatures, and a large number of experiments have been made in this connection. The means adopted were special and ingenious. Professor Dewar found that the appliance best suited to his purpose was a cement-testing machine, the one used consisting principally of a lever, slowly and gently operated by weighting the long end with water added very gradually. The short end, as it rises, pulls apart a rod of the metal being tested. One of these machines is visible, in the accompanying picture, behind the lecture table. To test the breaking strength of little rods of various metals was not difficult. It was only necessary to put them in the clamps of the tester, and let the weight of water pull up the short end of the lever until the break occurred, and then jot down the reading on the index. When it came, however, to keeping these metals at a temperature of 280° below zero during all the time they were being tested, some ingenuity was required ; in fact, a great deal of ingenuity. The experiment of testing a rod of frozen mercury, for instance, is very peculiar, and as it cannot be seen outside of Professor Dewar's laboratory, and gives a very good idea of the conditions therein, it may be of general interest. This large laboratory, now transformed into a workshop in cold, is always full, in working hours, of snowstorms. Every time liquid oxygen is drawn off from the condenser, a profuse cloud of snow fumes appears spreading in all directions. Nine-tenths of the oxygen, under its heavy pressure, vaporizes and scatters instantly upon reaching the air, and every molecule of it is so cold that snow, from the freezing of the moisture in the atmosphere, follows and marks its flying course. In the same way every open oxygen vessel has its own little snowstorm in unceasing progress, the white banks rising higher and higher about the necks of the jars, and settling upon any instruments or objects which have been cooled. A handy and common aid in the investigations is frozen carbonic acid. This was once a curiosity in itself. In the days—and they are not so very long ago—when 112° below zero was considered a marvel, frozen carbonic acid occupied the proud position of solid air at the present time. Now, however, the carbonic acid snow is simply put about in old band-boxes, ready to be grabbed by the handful when needed and thrust about any metal which is in danger of getting warm. Human nature is so constituted that it can become accustomed in half an hour to railway travel at the rate of a mile a minute, and a man with a stop-watch on a Northern express is only interested when he is going at sixty-seven, seventy, or seventy-five miles an hour. In the same way, in this laboratory, frozen carbonic acid very quickly becomes commonplace, though it excites a momentary sympathy as of a material Napoleon in its Elba or a Paris exposition that has been outdone. To test the mercury, a small quantity of it is frozen in the oxygen until it becomes pasty. This is covered with frozen carbonic acid in a dish, and deftly moulded with little wooden spatulæ into the form of a little dumb-bell, the large ends being in this shape more easily gripped and held fast by the testing clamps. Fingers are not used, or they would be badly burned by the cold substances. Then it is plunged in the oxygen again and frozen hard. The whole of the clamping portion of the tester is then surrounded by the liquid oxygen and cooled to −280°. Then by delicate manipulation the rod of mercury is gripped, the breaking strain is applied, and the rod is broken, the tensile reading being, of course, a very low one as compared with more tenacious metals. The recent tests of the breaking strains of metals at −280° have given the following figures, which are advanced, not as mean averages, but as special experimental results from pure metals under the conditions of the time :

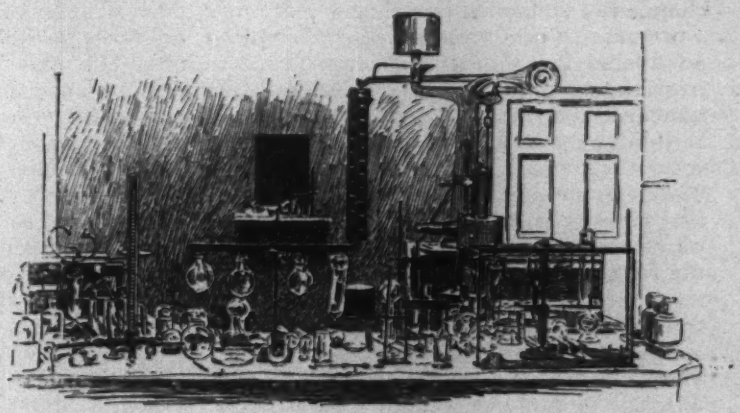
BREAKING STRESS.

	TONS PER SQUARE INCH.	
	59° Fahr.	−279.4° Fahr.
Copper	22.3	30
Iron	34	62.7
Brass	25.1	31.4
German silver	38.3	47
Steel	35.4	60

This increase in cohesive force at low temperatures has an interesting bearing astronomically. Cosmic dust and other theories of world formation which have at times been advanced, have been based to some extent upon the idea that when a planet died it underwent slow disintegration. Such an idea is entirely untenable, however, in view of the results of Professor Dewar's experiments upon the action of matter as it grows colder. The increase of cohesive force which he has made evident shows that the colder a planet grows, the more tenaciously its particles must be held together, and the harder and more enduring it must become. Nature, in fact, appears to embalm her dead planetary bodies throughout the universe very much

more perfectly than the old Egyptians; so perfectly, in fact, that the great tomb of space must and will be filled with them forever, perfectly preserved unless some vagrant comet or eccentric star chances to knock them to pieces. If this earth, by any chance of the future, falls in temperature to the absolute zero, the solidified oxygen, nitrogen, carbonic acid gas, and water vapor of its atmosphere will cover it, over all its surface, with a white mantle from thirty-three to thirty-six feet thick. The rays of the sun, however, as long as they shine upon it, will prevent the assumption of this frozen envelope, the estimated effect of sun rays upon the moon's temperature being, according to Newcome, a variation of 500°, from 200° below the Fahrenheit zero to 300° above, according to the periods and points of the moon's surface upon which the sun's heat acts.

Solid nitrogen is a white crystalline substance, and in both its liquid and solid states shows no variation from the inert properties which it displays in nature. Solid air is a transparent glass in which the nitrogen is solid and the liquid oxygen is held mechanically. It is obtained in the test tubes illustrated herewith, each tube consisting of three compartments. The outer is the vacuum chamber. The second contains liquid oxygen, which is boiled off rapidly by exhausting the air. This produces such intense cold in the third tube, which is inserted in the liquid oxygen and is open to the air, that the air from without first liquefies and runs rapidly down the sides of the innermost tube, forming a clear liquid like water at the bottom. As the cold is increased the liquid grows thicker and thicker, and in a few moments is a solid, looking exactly like ice or glass. When the tube containing it is taken out, it liquefies and vaporizes rapidly, and more air from the atmosphere liquefies on the outside of the tube and drops freely from the bottom, passing into vapor, however, before it reaches the floor. Oxygen has not yet been reduced to a solid, and this achievement will be the next step downward. The present belief is that it will not solidify in crystalline form. The solidification of hydrogen, whenever in the future it takes place, will throw light on one of the most interesting problems in chemistry. Hydrogen, which we only know as the lightest and most elusive of all gases, is believed, and for good reasons, to be actually the vapor of a metal, and a true metal in all respects. Between its boiling point, 400° below zero Fahrenheit, and that of nearly all the other metals, which range from 1,200° to 3,500° above zero, the difference is wide and suggests the need of the absolute thermometer. As a gas, it forms alloys with metals precisely as if it were a metal, and under condensation it shows an increased power of conducting heat and electricity, the increase accurately following the metallic instead of the gaseous law. Faraday was the first to advance the theory that hydrogen was a metal, and he prophesied that, if it were ever solidified, it would have the texture and lustre of a metal, which view has not been opposed by any facts established since his time. Nitrous oxide and ethylene have given Professor Dewar liquid oxygen, and liquid oxygen has enabled him to reach solid air and −346°, the lowest temperature yet known. Beyond this he cannot go till invention or discovery open a way that is for the present impassable.



PROFESSOR DEWAR'S LECTURE TABLE.

The molecular force called heat has its own special mysteries, however, and to illustrate this fact let the reader imagine himself for a time in the laboratory of Professor Dewar, viewing one of the simplest yet strangest examples of the work that is now being carried on. The amount of heat that is required to produce great cold is the first paradox that strikes him. Instead of ice and freezing mixtures, he is confronted with two steam-engines, one gas-engine, four big steel compressors, two

large and powerful air-pumps, and all the wheels, shafts, and gearing which unite these powerful mechanical agencies. The whole idea is pressure. Compression forces certain gases to become liquids, and when the pressure is removed and they are permitted to return to the gaseous state, they absorb from their immediate surroundings as much heat, generally speaking, as was lost in liquefying them. Nitrous oxide gas is liquefied by a pressure of one thousand four hundred pounds to the square inch. This pressure was obtained by a steam-engine run by heat. When it gasifies again, it creates a cold of 130° below zero. The same amount of heat as was used up, in the form of obtained pressure, in liquefying it, it suddenly absorbs from its surroundings when it again becomes a gas. Within its chamber is a chamber of ethylene gas under a pressure of one thousand eight hundred pounds to the square inch, and the cold from the evaporation of the nitrous oxide liquefies the ethylene at this pressure. Within the ethylene chamber is the pipe from the oxygen compressor, the oxygen being compressed to seven hundred and fifty pounds to the square inch. When the ethylene gasifies or evaporates, it reduces the temperature to 229° below zero, and at this point the compressed oxygen liquefies freely and is drawn off in quantity at a cost —including the waste, which is inevitably about ninety per cent.—of perhaps five hundred dollars per gallon. This is only a rough estimate, to be sure, but there is no doubt, all things considered, that five hundred dollars per gallon as a selling price would have left no margin of profit if every quart of the beautiful pale blue liquid thus far obtained had been sold at this price.

This much is preliminary, and may not be new. Now, however, comes the simple but inconceivable strangeness of heat. A globular glass oxygen vessel, as round as a ball, is filled with the liquid. The narrow neck is open to the air, to prevent the explosion which would follow if it were confined, and which would be similar to the explosion of a steam-boiler with no valve. The oxygen simmers quietly, protected from the heat of the room by the glass compartment about it, an outer glass chamber, which is a perfect vacuum and conducts no heat. The liquid touches the air only at the neck, and the cold belt of extremely cold oxygen vapor at this point prevents any rapid evaporation. A powerful electric light is set in action beside the vessel, and the tremendous heat and light which it is giving off are sent through a lens, which bends the light and heat rays into parallel lines, and these are then sent through the oxygen. Their heat at the point of passage is great, far above the boiling point of water. The heat is so powerful that if it is focused by a burning-glass it will instantly set fire to wood or paper, and this heat is sent through liquid oxygen, a liquid so cold that it will freeze mercury, alcohol, or any known liquid—a cold of 280° below zero. It would certainly seem that so great a heat as this would instantly cause the liquid oxygen to become vapor, boil furiously, and burst the vessel. On the contrary, it has a very insignificant effect. The boiling shows some increase, but nothing like what would be expected. The strange thing is that the heat is *passing through* this great cold practically unaffected. It is coming out on the other side, because, as is quickly seen, the spherical glass vessel acts as a burning-glass and converges the rays, and a piece of paper placed at the focus bursts into flame. Heat, indeed, can pass through any degree of cold and still be heat. It has lost only twenty per cent. of its force in passing through this extremely cold medium, and only ten per cent. of the loss is due to the liquid oxygen, the other ten being absorbed by the glass. This illustrates how the sun's heat reaches the earth, passing through ninety-three millions of miles of cold so great as to be only imaginable, and still having the power when it reaches the earth to produce all the phenomena of life and natural force which are visible to us.

There are other experiments, curious and often beautiful. Soap-bubbles are frozen in the cold oxygen vapor, and rest, little iridescent globes of the filmiest ice, upon the gently simmering liquid below. Ice, our ordinary freezing medium, is often frozen in its turn, and, as a solid, shrinks, cracks, splits up, and goes to pieces at sudden cooling, exactly like hot glass in cold water. Liquid ozone, that eccentric, indigo-blue twin sister of oxygen, is being observed and studied in all its moods. And with Dewar working at 346° of cold, and Moissan, in Paris, investigating nature at 6,300° above the Fahrenheit zero, the world can scarcely fail before many years to gain new and perhaps startling knowledge of that comfortable, inconceivable, and inexplicable phenomenon, the force or motion or thing to which we have given the name of "heat."

MY FIRST BOOK.*

By Rudyard Kipling.

As there is only one man in charge of a steamer, so there is but one man in charge of a newspaper, and he is the editor. My chief taught me this on an Indian journal, and he further explained that an order was an order, to be obeyed at a run, not a walk, and that any notion or notions as to the fitness or unfitness of any particular kind of work for the young had better be held over till the last page was locked up to press. He was breaking me into harness, and I owe him a deep debt of gratitude, which I did not discharge at the time. The path of virtue was very steep, whereas the writing of verses allowed a certain play to the mind, and, unlike the filling in of reading matter, could be done as the spirit served. Now a sub-editor is not hired to write verses. He is paid to sub-edit. At the time, this discovery shocked me greatly; but, some years later, when I came to be an editor in charge, Providence dealt me for my subordinate one saturated with Elia. He wrote very pretty, Lamblike essays, but he wrote them when he should have been sub-editing. Then I saw a little what my chief must have suffered on my account. There is a moral here for the ambitious and aspiring who are oppressed by their superiors.

This is a digression, as all my verses were digressions from office work. They came without invitation, unmanneredly, in the nature of things; but they had to come, and the writing out of them kept me healthy and amused. To the best of my remembrance, no one then discovered their grievous cynicism, or their pessimistic tendency, and I was far too busy and too happy to take thought about these things.

So they arrived merrily, being born out of the life about me, and they were very bad indeed, and the joy of doing them was payment a thousand times their worth. Some, of course, came and ran away again; and the dear sorrow of going in search of these (out of office hours, and catching them) was almost better than writing them clear. Bad as they were, I burned twice as many as were published, and of the survivors at least two-thirds were cut down at the last moment. Nothing can be wholly beautiful that is not useful, and therefore my verses were made to ease off the perpetual strife between the manager extending his advertisements and my chief fighting for his reading matter. They were born to be sacrificed. Rukn-Din, the foreman of our side, approved of them immensely, for he was a Muslim of culture. He would say: "Your poetry very good, sir; just coming proper length to-day. You giving more soon? One-third column just proper. Always can take on third page."

Mahmoud, who set them up, had an unpleasant way of referring to a new lyric as "*Ek aur chiz*"—one more thing—which I never liked. The job side, too, were unsympathetic, because I used to raid into their type for private proofs with Old English and Gothic headlines. Even a Hindoo does not like to find the serifs of his f's cut away to make long s's.

And in this manner, week by week, my verses came to be printed in the paper. I was in very good company, for there is always an undercurrent of song, a little bitter for the most part, running through the Indian papers. The bulk of it is much better than mine, being more graceful, and is done by those less than Sir Alfred Lyall—to whom I would apologize for mentioning his name in this gallery—"Pekin," "Latakia," "Cigarette," "O.," "T. W.," "Foresight," and others, whose names come up with the stars out of the Indian Ocean going eastward.

Sometimes a man in Bangalore would be moved to song, and a man on the Bombay side would answer him, and a man in Bengal would echo back, till at last we would all be crowing together like cocks before daybreak, when it is too dark to see your fellow. And, occasionally, some unhappy Chaaszee, away in the China ports, would lift up his voice among the tea-chests, and the queer-smelling yellow papers of the Far East brought us his sorrows. The newspaper files showed that, forty years ago, the men sang of just the same subjects as we did—of heat, loneliness, love, lack of promotion, poverty, sport, and war. Farther back still, at the end of the eighteenth century, Hickey's "Bengal Gazette," a very wicked little sheet in Calcutta, published the songs of the young factors, ensigns, and writers to the East

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India Company. They, too, wrote of the same things, but in those days men were strong enough to buy a bullock's heart for dinner, cook it with their own hands because they could not afford a servant, and make a rhymed jest of all the squalor and poverty. Lives were not worth two monsoons' purchase, and perhaps the knowledge of this a little colored the rhymes when they sang:

"In a very short time you're released from all cares—
If the Padri's asleep, Mr. Oldham reads prayers!"

The note of physical discomfort that runs through so much Anglo-Indian poetry had been struck then. You will find it most fully suggested in "The Long, Long Indian Day," a comparatively modern affair; but there is a set of verses called "Scanty Ninety-five," dated about Warren Hastings's time, which gives a lively idea of what our seniors in the service had to put up with. One of the most interesting poems I ever found was written at Meerut, three or four days before the mutiny broke out there. The author complained that he could not get his clothes washed nicely that week, and was very facetious over his worries.

My verses had the good fortune to last a little longer than some others which were more true to facts and certainly better workmanship. Men in the army, and the civil service, and the railway, wrote to me saying that the rhymes might be made into a book. Some of them had been sung to the banjoes round camp-fires, and some had run as far down coast as Rangoon and Moulmein, and up to Mandalay. A real book was out of the question, but I knew that Rukn-Din and the office plant were at my disposal at a price, if I did not use the office time. Also, I had handled in the previous year a couple of small books, of which I was part owner, and had lost nothing. So there was built a sort of a book, a lean oblong docket, wire-stitched, to imitate a D.O. Government envelope, printed on one side only, bound in brown paper, and secured with red tape. It was addressed to all heads of departments and all government officials, and among a pile of papers would have deceived a clerk of twenty years' service. Of these "books" we made some hundreds, and as there was no necessity for advertising, my public being to my hand, I took reply-postcards, printed the news of the birth of the book on one side, the blank order-form on the other, and posted them up and down the empire from Aden to Singapore, and from Quetta to Colombo. There was no trade discount, no reckoning twelves as thirteens, no commission, and no credit of any kind whatever. The money came back in poor but honest rupees, and was transferred from the publisher, the left-hand pocket, direct to the author, the right-hand pocket. Every copy sold in a few weeks, and the ratio of expenses to profits, as I remember it, has since prevented my injuring my health by sympathizing with publishers who talk of their risks and advertisements. The down-country papers complained of the form of the thing. The wire binding tore the pages, and the red tape tore the covers. This was not intentional, but heaven helps those who help themselves. Consequently, there arose a demand for a new edition, and this time I exchanged the pleasure of taking in money over the counter for that of seeing a real publisher's imprint on the title-page. More verses were taken out and put in, and some of that edition travelled as far as Hong-Kong on the map, and each edition grew a little fatter, and, at last, the book came to London with a gilt top and a stiff back, and was advertised in the publishers' poetry department.

But I loved it best when it was a little brown baby with a pink string round its stomach; a child's child, ignorant that it was afflicted with all the most modern ailments; and before people had learned, beyond doubt, how its author lay awake of nights in India, plotting and scheming to write something that should "take" with the English public.

"THE BRAVEST DEED OF THE WAR."—A CORRECTION.

EDITOR MCCLURE'S MAGAZINE:

In my article entitled "The Bravest Deed of the War," published in your August number, I stated that the hero of the incident was Captain James Bailey of the Fourth Iowa Infantry. I have just been shown a letter addressed to you by Colonel John H. Keatley of Marshalltown, Iowa, stating, with perfect truth, that the incident relates wholly to Colonel Dennis B. Dailey of the Second Wisconsin Infantry, and of Council Bluffs, Iowa. I gratefully own myself the debtor of Colonel Keatley for this timely correction, and I would state that my error was due to the loss of my note-book, in which I had entered the name of Captain Dailey as the true hero of the incident, and correctly designated his regiment, as I now perceive, having recovered the book since the publication of the article.

T. J. MACKEY,
Late Captain Engineers, C. S. A.